

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.



A RETURN.

THE charm of the golden trees,
The glow of the autumn day,
And the garden walks with their murm'ring bees,
Soothe all my cares away.

My soul is sick of the strife
Where pulses never are stilled;
But here, in the rest of a simple life,
God's promise is fulfilled.


When the bramble bears its fruit,
And mists creep over the lea,
And soft as the sound of a distant flute
The sheep-bells chime to me;

When the bracken turns to gold,
And down in the winding lane
A little bird sings me the songs of old
Till youth comes back again;

Then trouble and pain depart,
And comfort and peace draw near,
And all the foes of a timorous heart
Like phantoms disappear.

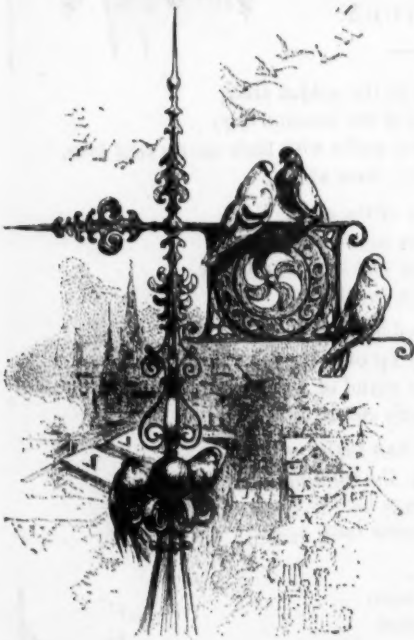
And the autumn lands grow fair
With a light that seems divine;
And the treasures I left in child-
hood there

Once more are wholly mine.
SARAH DOUDNEY.



THE DOVE OR PIGEON.

FROM the Dove of the Ark, that first manifest token of peace and hope to the world, to the numerous varieties of the pigeon of the present day, there is a long story of traditionary usefulness attached to these birds, and a nimbus of reflected light from religion, poetry, and art floats about them and illuminates their white and iridescent plumage. Poets have gazed on the eyes of their beloved in that of the dove; constancy has received its



prettiest emblem in the bird mourning for its mate and refusing to be comforted; religion has sublimated its airy flight and swift descent into the mystical dove of the Holy Ghost, and Art, following in the footsteps of inspiration, has chosen it as a type to speak of gentleness, wisdom, love, in its highest manifestation. The Bible is full of allusions to the dove or pigeon. The

Jews raised them in great quantities, for each man or woman going to the Temple to return thanks carried in their hands offerings to be laid on the altar of the God of Israel, and young pigeons and turtle-doves were the sacrifice within reach of the poorest Hebrew. So great, indeed, had this traffic become, and so abominably had the venders abused their privileges in the very sanctuary itself, that instead of the solemn reverence to be looked for and fostered in the presence of Jehovah Jireh, the courts of the Temple resounded with clamorous bargaining, rousing the righteous indignation of Jesus, and bringing down upon those who had caused this profanation this sublime reprimand: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Then, too, we are told of the Holy Ghost descending from lofty heavens in the bodily presence of a dove, that rested upon the newly baptized Jesus in the presence of a multitude of people, and of the inspired John, who with his strong, vehement words, was the "voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Conning over the sweet old story, that they knew and loved so well, the painter monks, and later on the world's great masters of art, employed the dove as a symbol in their representations of saint and martyr, and the pictures of the mediæval ages were emblematic of this reverent tendency.

In her *Legends of the Madonna* Mrs. Jamison tells us that the dove is the received emblem of the Holy Spirit when placed hovering above the Virgin Mother, and the seven doves about her head seen in several pictures signify the seven gifts of the Spirit, and characterize her as personified wisdom—the *Mater Sapientie*. There is a beautiful representation of

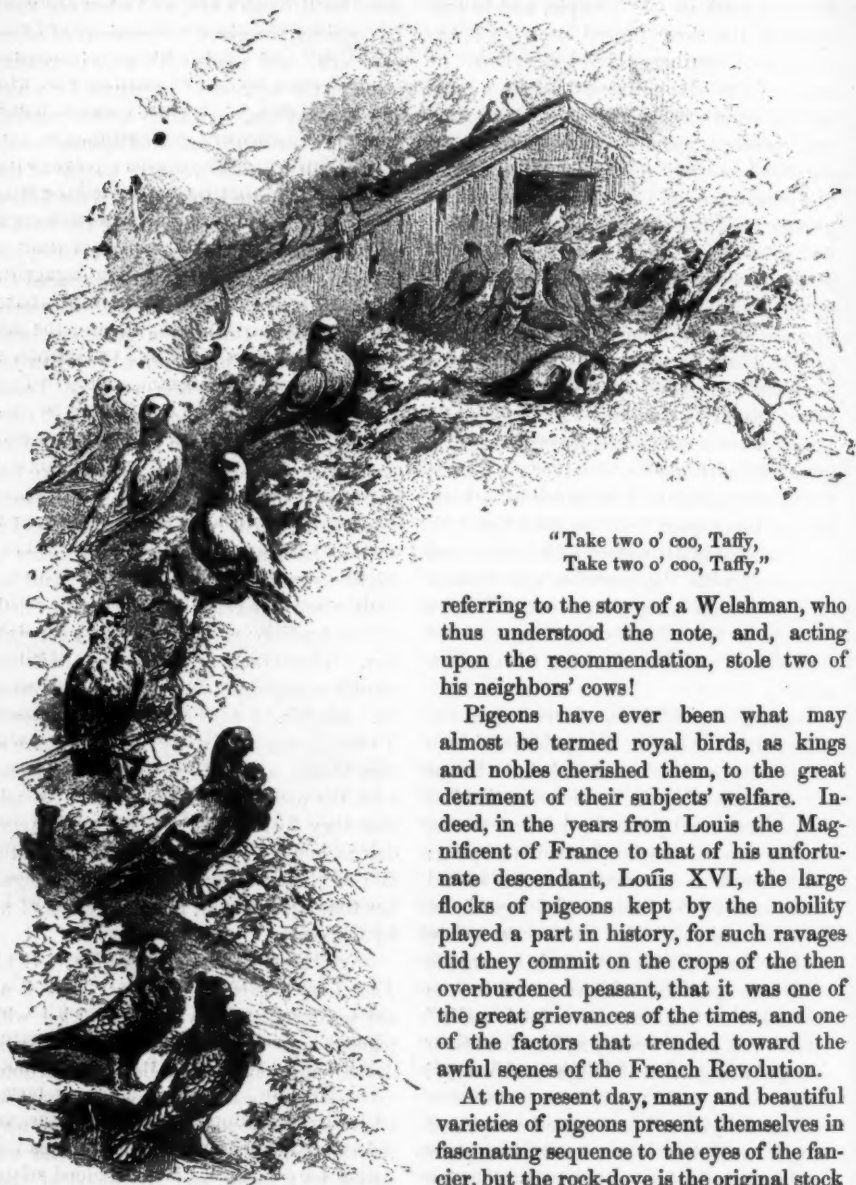
Mary at work in the Temple, and in this instance the dove placed near her is expressive of gentleness and tenderness. In many of the old paintings is seen a dove issuing from the mouth of dying saints and martyrs, typical of the human soul purified by suffering, and the gorgeous emblematic dove of the Church of Christ gleams from the canvas resplendent with breast of silver and back of gold, with its six great wings outspread from head, shoulders, and feet. In many Roman Catholic churches the pyx, a box containing the Host, is made in the form of a dove and suspended over the altar. The dove was early adopted in Assyria and Babylon as a national standard, and, resplendent with gold and silver, it led the conquering army of Semiramis to victory. It is in this aspect that David refers to it in his sixty-eighth psalm and encourages his people with the promise, that though they had lain among the pots, "yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Among the Syrians, doves were the monopoly of Astarte, the goddess of love and beauty, and ruined Ascalon, the haunt of this Syrian Venus, is thus described at the present day by Stanley in these words, bearing a poetic pathos in their meaning: "Her temple is destroyed, but the sacred doves—sacred by immemorial legends on the spot, and celebrated there even as late as Eusebius, still fill with their cooing the luxuriant gardens which grow in the sandy hollow within the ruined walls." Time, thou great destroyer, how hast thou changed this garden of delight and beauty! Bright faces, soft laughter, a paradise of natural delight, all has passed away, and naught remains but a rank, luxuriant loneliness, unbroken, save by the plaintive note of its guardian spirits, the soft rushing of their white wings, and the whispering of the breeze through the leaves of its venerable trees. There is an odd little tradition in Haute Bretagne that the turtle-

dove built Noah's ark, and when one stops to consider the given dimensions of aforesaid ark, and reads with ever-increasing wonder the myriad of creatures for which it was a refuge, it hardly seems possible that any creature of intelligence could have built it. The country people of this province (Haute Bretagne) tell the following story about the dove and the cuckoo at midsummer. "Once upon a time, just at that season, the turtle-dove engaged the cuckoo to get in his hay. Unfortunately, whilst passing through a gate, the latter stuck fast with his load, whereupon the dove began to abuse him, crying, 'Troue-troue-one!' The cuckoo, stung by these upbraidings, made such tremendous efforts that he broke his wing! Ever since this disaster he sings with his pinions outspread, while other birds have them closed, and as soon as he hears the turtle-dove takes to flight as quickly as possible." And no little wonder, having experienced so little of the traditional amiability of his neighbor. Throughout all Europe, traditions cluster about the dove, and the pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, are world-known. These pigeons, fed daily in the Piazza di San Marco, are believed to be connected with the prosperity of the city. It is said that they fly around it three times every day in honor of the Trinity, and that the fact of their building on St. Mark's signifies that the city will not be swallowed up by the sea.

Says the Rev. C. Swainson in his *Folk Lore of British Birds*: "There is an old saying that he who is sprinkled with pigeons' blood will never die a natural death," and relates the following anecdote: "A sculptor, carrying home a bust of Charles I, stopped to rest on the way. At the moment a pigeon overhead was struck by a hawk, and the blood of that bird fell on the neck of the bust. The sculptor thought it ominous, and after the King was beheaded the saying became current."

The ring-dove is the "cushat" of poetry,



"Take two o' coo, Taffy,
Take two o' coo, Taffy,"

referring to the story of a Welshman, who thus understood the note, and, acting upon the recommendation, stole two of his neighbors' cows!

Pigeons have ever been what may almost be termed royal birds, as kings and nobles cherished them, to the great detriment of their subjects' welfare. Indeed, in the years from Louis the Magnificent of France to that of his unfortunate descendant, Louis XVI, the large flocks of pigeons kept by the nobility played a part in history, for such ravages did they commit on the crops of the then overburdened peasant, that it was one of the great grievances of the times, and one of the factors that trended toward the awful scenes of the French Revolution.

but the origin of its melancholy cooing is not quite as poetical as its name, for, according to Mr. Chambers, the note of the ring-dove interpreted runs thuswise:

At the present day, many and beautiful varieties of pigeons present themselves in fascinating sequence to the eyes of the fancier, but the rock-dove is the original stock from which all the rest has been evolved. It is a bird with an extensive geographical range, from as far north as the Faroe Islands, to the coasts of Europe, Asia, Japan, and even North Africa. Swarms

of these pigeons breed in crevices of rocks and empty caverns, where the sea rushes in and mingles with the whizzing of their wings. From these wild fastnesses they emerge in vast armies, whirling and circling about and around inaccessible cliffs, against which thunders a tremendous surf,

and live principally on almost any kind of grain, wheat, barley, peas, oats, buckwheat, hempseed being all grist to their mill. Their plumage is bluish-gray, with green and purple reflections, two broad and distinct bars of black across the closed wings, the lower part of back white, tail a



and diligently searching for the mollusks and other small animals upon which they feed. Once and a while they make unwelcome visits back in the country among the grainfields, driving the farmers to desperation with their enormous appetites and consequent ravages.

Pigeons of all breeds are great feeders,

deep gray with broad black bar at the end, the bill blackish-brown, the legs and toes reddish-orange; and from this bird has come by crossing and interbreeding a great and curious variety of pigeons.

Come with me into a well-populated dove-cote on some fine morning, and its

inhabitants will be as diverse as are the human races which inhabit this world.

Here are the "Pouters," so called, says quaint old Willoughby, "because they can and usually do blow up their crops to that strange bigness, that they exceed the bulk of the whole body besides, and which, as they fly, and while they make that murmuring noise, swell their throats to a great bigness, and the bigger the better, the more generous they are esteemed." Next beside him, strutting in the sun, is the "Trumpeter," no less consequential, with his tuft of feathers sprouting from out of his beak, called a moustache, a helmet-like turn of feathers at the back of the head giving him a military appearance befitting his name. At a safe distance from this fierce-looking creature sits the quiet little "Nun" pigeon, sunning herself under cover of her black hood of feathers, and regarding with all too coquettish eye her neighbor, the "Jacobin," a cavalier, called commonly "Ruffled Jack," from the inverted row of feathers running down the back of his neck like a monk's hood. Suddenly, through the air, descends in erratic course a flight of "Tumblers," turning and twisting in their flight like the contortionists of a circus; and looking on approvingly struts the proud "Fantail," with his superb tail outstretched and with as many bowings and pirouettes as a great lord of the *ancien régime*, or that inimitable creation of dear Charles Dickens, Mr. Turveydrop. These and many other varieties are well known at the present day, but our space forbids mention of them, save in one important instance, that of the carrier-pigeon, constituting the far-famed "Pigeon Post" of the world and dating far back into the time of old Egypt. Wilkinson tells us that on one occasion, when an Egyptian king assumed the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, a prince let fly four pigeons to announce, north, south, east, and west, that "Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, has put on the splendid

crown of the Upper and Lower Country; that Rameses III has put on the two crowns."

Anacreon writes in his odes delightfully of the carrier-pigeon, which in his day, as well as in the Middle Ages, carried many a tender message between parted lovers. Wealthy Romans took these birds to the theatres, and let them loose to soar up through the great amphitheatre, bearing to their home the names of invited guests to the midnight feast, or any change of orders in the menu.

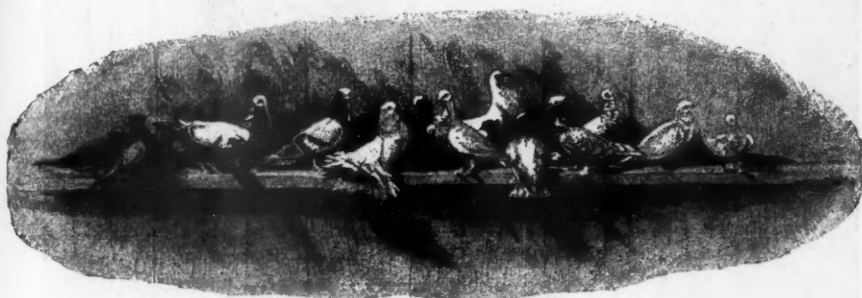
Frequently during war-time, when postal and other communications had ceased to exist or were not safe, these birds have been successfully employed in transmitting intelligence, and during the last Franco-German war, when the fatal lines had been drawn around Metz and Paris, news and orders were sent and received daily by the pigeon post. Of course, the smallest writing and thinnest possible paper had to be used, and the camera and microscope were called into requisition to this effect. It is said that a *whole side* of the *London Times* was photographed on a thin piece of paper less than five inches square. This infinitesimal newspaper was first read by microscope, then thrown on a white wall by means of a magic lantern in a darkened room, that thousands of people might read. The speed of this pigeon has been somewhat overrated, but certain records made by particular birds are marvelous, being as great as *ninety miles an hour*, the average speed, however, standing at about thirty miles—almost as great a speed as that of steam.

The main breeding-ground for these valuable pigeons is Belgium, great care being taken in the training, and much pride being exhibited in the bird. Races are held by the birds, and as much excitement shown in the contest and proud exaltation in the owner of the winning bird, as if they were the very horses of Phœbus himself.

So much do we owe our feathered friends, and gentle St. Francis of Assisi sets us a shining example in his affection and kindness toward these valuable birds, for they are mentioned frequently in his life,

always coupled with gentleness and kindness, and to those who need the miraculous, his miracles in their favor will endear the memory of the dove or pigeon.

H. S. ATWATER.

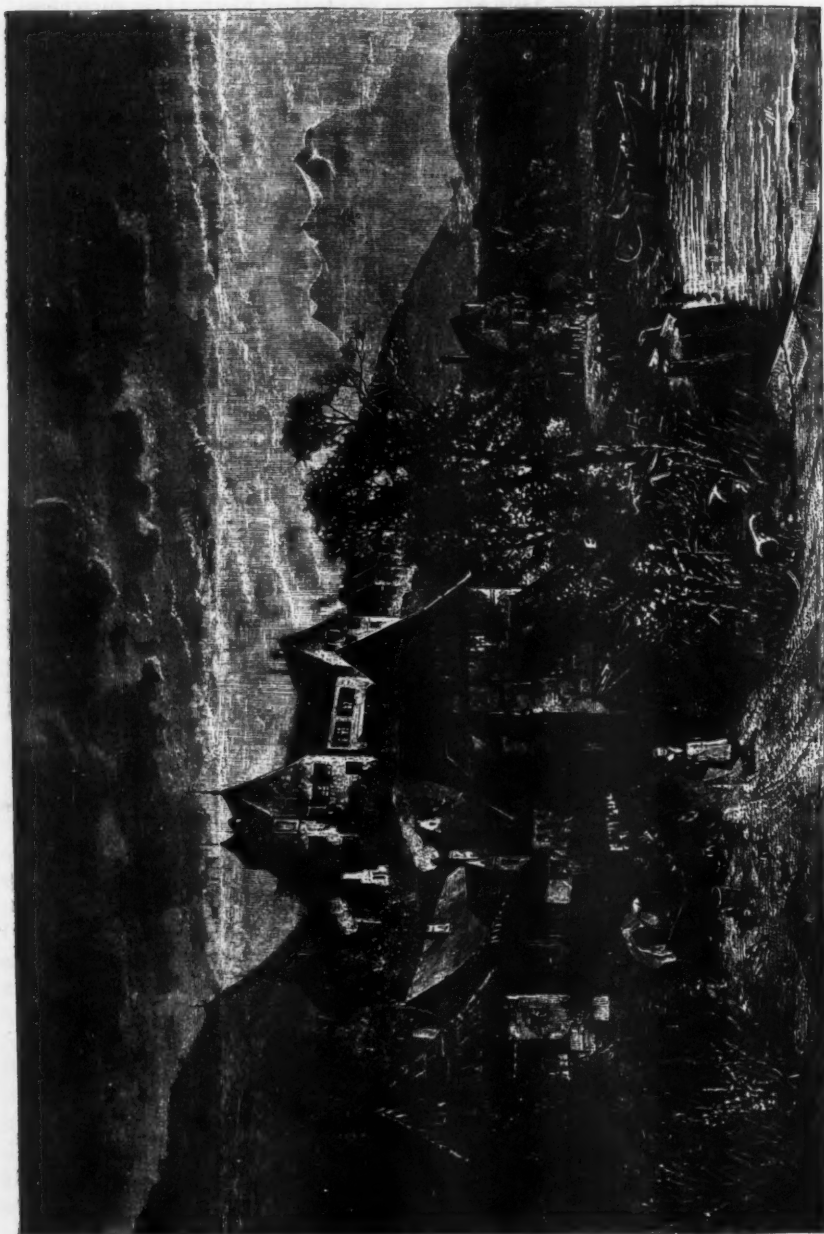


SUMMER EVENING

IN THE MEADOWS.

A TENDER haze is on the hills to-night,
 On the blue, distant hills—and, everywhere,
 A soft'ning glory in the summer air
 Wakens the dull sense to a clearer sight:
 O little world! with what a calm delight
 I wander in these meadows cool and fair;
 Feeling about me the uprising prayer—
 The solemn benediction of the night.
 Sought in the calm midst of this summer eve,
 The earth is full of rapture—hill and stream,
 These dew besprinkled meadows, and the dim,
 Far distant woodlands; e'en the winds that grieve,
 With their melodious sadness ever seem
 To join the glad soul in it's rapt'rous hymn.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



BREMEN.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years or more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toll for daily bread;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt; the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax or spinning
Or work was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down,
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled,
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The Elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is passed.
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh! faster!"
Eleven the church bells chime;
"O God!" she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see, in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warden paces all night long
And calls each passing hour,
"Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE NEW RULE.

A HOSPITAL COMEDY.

THE Directors, Governor, and Matron of St. Lazarus Hospital had unanimously promulgated a new law—a wise and salutary enactment, it may be, but one of terrible import—namely, that every nurse who became "engaged" to a student or doctor connected with the Hospital should forthwith be dismissed.

There *had* been a good deal of love-making within the walls of St. Lazarus. There usually is where young men and maidens have frequent occasion to meet each other; and even hardened and avowed celibates who could resist the fascinations of the loveliest girl in Europe when she was attired according to the dictates of fashion, and was bent on nothing but her own amusement, succumbed to a pretty "sister" dressed in a dainty cap and simple gown, and engaged in tending

the suffering. Several marriages had thus been arranged; and Mrs. Saunders, the Matron, who, being a widow herself, considered the marriage of any of her subordinates "most un-nurselike"—she was fond of this phrase, having invented it—felt it to be her duty to urge upon the Governor the fitness of pressing upon the Directors the necessity of putting a stop to all manner of courtship or flirtation.

"The amount of sentimental nonsense that goes on in the Hospital is positively scandalous," she said. "I'm sure it isn't my fault; I do all I can to prevent it, and yet it goes on."

Mrs. Saunders did herself no more than justice. If any man in the place could look on a nurse without positive aversion, it was *not* her fault. She wished her nurses to be, she said, "neat, but not at-

tractive." The bewitching fringe was strictly tabooed; and since it had come into fashion, the wearing of the hair short, adopted by several nurses, as being the simplest possible coiffure, had met with her entire disapproval. Unfortunately, she could not disfigure the noses and eyes of her "sisters," or she would certainly have done it.

She was held in unmitigated awe and modified esteem. The merest hint of her proximity was enough to make the most sentimental couple find pressing occupation at opposite ends of the corridor or ward in which they had met; and it was a great trial to her that, owing to her being a heavy dame, of ample person, who could not exactly dart into a ward like a sunbeam, she had never been an absolute eye-witness to any "nonsense," as she called it. She knew that love-making was going on around her; she felt it in the air; and yet she was never able to lay her finger on a tangible instance of it. Therefore, until her brain evolved the bright idea of turning betrothed renegades out-of-doors, she was very unhappy. Now, a calm sense of triumph brightened her usually austere and frowning brow.

The new regulation provoked some indignation among most of the nurses. Sister Fanny, indeed, said she didn't care; she didn't want to get engaged to anybody, and the new rule did not forbid one's being—well, pleasant to people. Sister Evelyn declared that she thought it just and necessary ("the goings-on were shameful," she said); and Sister Phoebe remarked, with her brightest, merriest smile, that it would not affect her one bit. But all the others were wroth, and one probationer burst into tears, and threatened to leave the Hospital without awaiting the contingent dismissal.

"You needn't be so frightened," said Sister Evelyn. "You're not likely to be sent away on account of *your* getting engaged. There won't be any occasion for it."

"Perhaps not," observed Phoebe, in a musing tone; "but I think Sister Evelyn is the most likely of any of us to escape even the suspicion of flirting."

Sister Evelyn glared at the speaker, who looked as placidly unconscious as possible. Between the two there existed that comfortable spite, breaking out into occasional passages of arms, which is the very salt of life to women who lead a monotonous existence. At least it was the salt of life to Phoebe. Perhaps the other did not enjoy it so much, for, as a rule, she got the worst of these encounters of wit. She had at first hated Sister Phoebe merely on principle, because she was pretty; but these little battles, in which she was so often worsted, had made her regard her with a detestation beyond what she felt for any other good-looking girl in the place.

Sister Evelyn had begun life as Mary Anne Giles, and came from some unspecified part of the "great unexplored East End." It was said that she had brought thence some Oriental habits of thought and speech; but this was matter of opinion. What is certain is that, when she joined a nursing sisterhood and gave up her surname, she threw her unromantic prænomen overboard as well, and appeared under the sentimental title by which we have spoken of her. This change of style leaking out at St. Lazarus had occasioned some amusement, which Sister Evelyn had resented so vigorously, that she was now the most unpopular nurse in the whole establishment. She was rather disgusted with nursing altogether, and was inclined to give it up, finding it harder and less congenial work than she had anticipated. And, besides, the Hospital cap was unbecoming to her. But she got on well with Mrs. Saunders—some of the others said she toadied to the Matron—and so she stayed on.

Phoebe Chester, in Hospital parlance Sister Phoebe, was, on the contrary, a universal favorite. She was the best surgical

nurse in the place, so the doctors liked her. She had a pretty face—which the cap Sister Evelyn found so trying suited to perfection—and a neat figure, so the students and resident surgeons admired her. She had a winning smile, a soothing voice, and a noiseless step, so the patients adored her. There was a general feeling of deep regret when it was whispered that Phœbe was flirting with Dr. Harrington, and that there was question of an inquiry into the matter, with a view to ascertaining if any engagement existed between them.

"It can't be true," exclaimed Sister Fanny. "Phœbe has always been as nice as possible to everybody; but she never took special notice of any one of the doctors. It is only that spiteful cat's jealousy, because she is in Dr. Harrington's ward and he never looks at her." (The "spiteful cat" was Sister Evelyn.)

"But," said the probationer who had hinted at the accusation, "Dr. Harrington is so pleasant and so handsome, that even Sister Phœbe might be—different—to him. And I did see them on the stair together, and—"

"Well—what? Was there anything that looked like flirting?"

"I don't know if you would call it so," for Sister Fanny was known to be broadly tolerant in the matter of civility; and did not apply the title of flirting to any but extreme cases—"I don't know if you would call it so; but Sister Phœbe was talking to him very hurriedly and earnestly, and he looked very much pleased. Of course, I saw them long before I heard their voices; but as I came nearer the landing where they were, she gave him her hand and said: 'Good-bye. I suppose I must say "Doctor" still, as we are in the Hospital; but on Sunday I'll call you Walter.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He stooped and—and kissed her hand, saying: 'Phœbe, you are the cleverest, as well as the dearest and prettiest, little

woman in the world!' She shook her head at that, and withdrew her hand. She was going away, when he asked her: 'What about yourself?' She smiled, and touched the third finger of her left hand with the forefinger of the right. 'I must not wear a ring,' she said; 'but it is shining on my soul's hand as bright and firm as ever.' It did seem funny to hear Sister Phœbe, who always laughs at love-making, make such a sentimental speech as that."

"Yes, it is unlike her. It almost makes one think there is something between them. But I hope not. It would be terribly dull if Phœbe went; she always manages to make one see the bright side of things."

"Can't you do anything, Sister Fanny?"

"I will warn her to be careful. But if she is really in love, it is sure to betray itself; and she is too honorable to deny the truth if she really is engaged."

The warning came too late to save Phœbe, for some such interview as the probationer had witnessed had been seen by Sister Evelyn, who had immediately reported it to the Matron. Mrs. Saunders, the "Mother Superior," as this most unmaternal of matrons liked to be entitled, went forth to investigate the matter. She had a short interview with Phœbe, unsatisfactory, save that she elicited the awful fact that she was engaged. She obstinately refused to tell the name of her lover.

"Not that your silence matters," said Mrs. Saunders; "every one knows that it is Dr. Harrington you have been going on with. Both you and he will have to see the Governor to-morrow about this matter." Then she dismissed the nurse.

Phœbe went out with her head meekly bent, as if she was thinking of the awfulness of her impending doom; but when she had closed the door, she tossed it up with a saucy smile and executed a most "un-nurselike" pirouette. Then she produced from the pocket of her apron a pencil and note-book, and there, within

three yards of the condemning Matron—such was her unparalleled audacity!—scribbled a note to Dr. Harrington. This she intrusted to the senior probationer in his ward, who gave it to him next morning almost under Sister Evelyn's eyes.

That day the two culprits were arraigned before the Governor, Mrs. Saunders accompanying Phoebe as accuser. Walter Harrington, who exchanged a glance of amused confidence with the Sister as she came in, was the first to be examined.

The Governor, after repeating the new rule, and discoursing for a minute or two on the necessity for it, asked: "Dr. Harrington, have you entered into a matrimonial engagement?"

"Really," said Harrington, "I can hardly say. I think I have; but—may I ask you the day of the month?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Governor. "Are you mad?"

"I hope not. I assure you that the information I ask for is essential to my answering your question."

"It is the 20th of May."

"Then—I am engaged."

"To Miss Chester?" The Governor alluded to Sister Phoebe; but he was very old-fashioned, and could not acquire the habit of calling the nurses Sister This or That. He spoke of them as he would of any other young ladies.

"To Miss Chester," repeated Harrington.

"May I ask when this engagement began?"

"Certainly. It began to-day."

"To-day!" repeated the Governor in some surprise. "Perhaps, Mrs. Saunders, we have been unduly prompt. Doubtless, Dr. Harrington and Miss Chester would have announced their engagement in proper form, and have volunteered their resignations."

"I had no intention of resigning," remarked the young Doctor.

"But the law—"

"The law does not affect me."

The Governor was about to rebuke severely this indifference to rules and regulations, when Mrs. Saunders interposed. "I don't want to cast any doubt on Dr. Harrington's truthfulness," she observed, acidly; "but Sister Phoebe confessed to her engagement yesterday, which does not exactly corroborate his statement."

"It certainly does not."

"I think," said the Matron, "that Dr. Harrington is concealing the truth, in order to hide his disobedience with regard to the new law."

"Dear, dear; that is very shocking!" said the Governor, getting bewildered at the new accusation; while Dr. Harrington bowed, and expressed his obligation to Mrs. Saunders for the high esteem in which she held him.

The Matron turned her back on him, and said to the Governor: "You had better question Sister Phoebe. You will at least get the truth from her. Girls are too proud of being engaged to deny it."

The Governor turned to Phoebe, prepared to act the part of stern upholder of authority; but her face looked so meekly bewitching, that his heart softened within him; and he remembered that he had daughters of his own, who liked to have lovers as much as any other girls.

"Well, well, Miss Chester, this is very sad," he began, rather vaguely. "Of course it is quite natural and right, and no one could expect you to remain unmarried all your life; but law is law, and must be obeyed. Otherwise, I would suggest—and even as it is, perhaps—" He was actually about to propose making an exception in Phoebe's favor when he felt Mrs. Saunders's cold, hard eye freezing him to the bone. He coughed, dropped his preamble, and proceeded to catechise, though in an apologetic and paternal tone which the Matron disapproved of.

"Now, do you mind telling me, my dear, how long you have been engaged?"

Phoebe blushed a little, and looked down, but answered quite clearly:

"A long time—nearly two years."

"But Dr. Harrington says his engagement began only to-day."

"Yes; that is quite true."

"But, my dear girl, it takes two people to make an engagement as well as a quarrel. If you have been engaged to Dr. Harrington for two years, he must have been engaged to you for the same time."

"Oh! I see." Phoebe smiled as if a new light began to dawn upon her. "But I am not engaged to Dr. Harrington."

"Why, he said you were."

"Excuse me, I did not," said Harrington. "I am engaged to Miss Chester—not to Miss Phoebe Chester, whom I should have called Sister Phoebe, as every one in the Hospital does; but to her cousin, Miss Elsie Chester. Mr. Thorpe, Elsie's uncle and next of kin, would not consent to her promising to marry a man who had his fortune to make; and as she was a ward in Chancery, there could be no tie between us till she came of age and was free to act for herself. This is her twenty-first birthday, and I may now look upon myself as her future husband; for, though there has been no communication between us for a year, Sister Phoebe—who has been very kind in telling me all her cousin says and does—said to me two days ago that Elsie had declared her intention of accepting me if I offered myself after she reached her majority. She would receive my proposal this morning. I expect her reply, which I think I may assume will be favorable, by the afternoon post."

Mrs. Saunders looked indignant at this explanation. If it were not discourteous, one might say that she sniffed at it, as if dubious of its accuracy; but Harrington caught sight of a gleam of sympathetic humor in the Governor's eye as he turned to Sister Phoebe with the query:

"Well, Miss Phoebe, and what is the

truth—the real truth—about your love-affair?"

"It's a very hopeless one," she said, with a little sigh. "I am engaged to my Cousin Jack, Mr. Thorpe's son. Uncle Thorpe doesn't approve of the match, because I am poor, and have to work for my living. Jack has gone out to Rio Janeiro, because he is likely to get on better there; and as soon as his income is large enough to justify our marrying, he is going to send for me. That's all. I would willingly have told the Mother Superior all about it if she had asked me as a friend; but I do not feel bound to confide my poor little romance to people whom I know to be unsympathetic. It isn't in any way opposed to the rules of the Hospital."

"No, no; of course not," answered the Governor, good-naturedly. "And though I am sure we shall all be sorry to part with you, when your Jack claims you, I hope for your sake that it won't be long. Now, go away to your work, both of you, and—and next time you are *not* breaking a rule, don't behave as if you were."

Phoebe and Harrington left the room. Mrs. Saunders remained.

"Well, they've got the best of it," said the Governor, chuckling a little at the Matron's evident discomfiture. "Your sp—I mean informant—has been too hasty in jumping to conclusions. She must have a better authenticated case next time."

"My opinion is," said Mrs. Saunders, not deigning to answer these remarks, "that any promise of marriage should entail dismissal from the Hospital, even though both contracting parties do not belong to its staff."

"I don't know how that would work," replied her companion. "You see, if the intent to commit matrimony be criminal, the commission of it must be much worse, and would certainly deserve a punishment no less severe, which would entail every one of the honorary surgeons, and myself,

and even you, being turned out of our comfortable berths and thrown out on the world, which I at least should consider inconvenient. I think, on the contrary, that the wiser plan would be to rescind the new rule."

And the new rule was rescinded, or was at least allowed to fall into honored desuetude. Walter Harrington left the Hos-

pital and married his Elsie soon after the little misunderstanding recorded above; but Sister Phœbe brightened the wards of St. Lazarus with her presence for a year longer. When, however, she left to become the wife of Jack Thorpe, no one expressed more satisfaction than Mrs. Saunders, though I fear this was from anything but good-will toward the bride.

JENNY BROOKE.

CHAPTER I.

ON a Friday morning I received from my friend Luxton the following letter:—

"MY DEAR NED:—Why don't you run down and see us for a few days? Are the sparrows on the roofs of Danes Inn more to you than the thrush and the goldfinch? more than your old friend and his wife? Push away your musty books and papers, lay down your ugly, soaked pipe, put a shirt or two and a brush and comb into your bag, hail the swift hansom, and catch the next train. You say, 'Why this sudden haste? You have not written to me for months, and when now at length you do, you write this comic invitation. Why (as A. W. hath it)—why is this thus?' Because, my boy, I am in love, and my wife is in love; but I not with her, and she not with me. *Comment?* We are both in love on your behalf with the fairest, the sauciest maiden the modern world has seen. She is in this house; she has been here a week, and she will be here for some few weeks longer. She came through an advertisement—a singular mode of entrance, wasn't it? I don't think that I told you that we had advertised that a gentleman-farmer was ready to receive into his house one or two ladies or gentlemen in want of fresh air and farm produce. Poor Milly! It was her idea. We

never thought—did we?—when I came to this confounded place eight years ago, that we should have to receive lodgers for a living! But what can a poor farmer do in these days? My dear Milly!—she has been the bravest little woman. Well, well. In answer to our advertisement came this young lady I have mentioned—Jenny Brooke; do you like the name? (There is a rhyme lost somewhere, I'm sure.) She is the orphan of a lawyer, and the ward of a lawyer—oddly enough, a rather youngish man, who would like, naturally, to marry her, I think. She is charming—all the more charming to my mind because her education has been a trifle neglected; and besides, she has (a word in your ear) a trifle of a thousand or so a year. If I don't stop I shall run completely into Silas Wegg's vein. Come at once. I will meet you at the station. Yours ever.

"P. S.—Jenny has brought the spring with her. She drinks milk, and trips about all over the fields and down through the warren and the primroses peep out everywhere to look at her. Come. The pig you so much admired last October is bacon and being eaten."

I need scarcely say that this letter utterly ruined my morning's work. I tried to shove it aside, as being merely agreeable evidence—if I had wanted any—of

my friend's unconquerable good spirits and warm, sunny fancy; but all the same my thoughts would keep slipping away in speculation of Miss Jenny Brooke. Did she care for this "rather youngish" guardian in a lover-like way? Would she ultimately marry him? Why, of course she would. Nature and the drama had decreed it as the proper end. But would it not be more dramatic if some one should come between the "rather youngish" guardian and the girl?—some poor devil who might appeal more to the girl's fancy than a prosy guardian could? But she was an heiress, and heiresses are always wayward, and troublesome to woo or to win; and I had my work to attend to, and had no time for such vagaries. Yet there was this much to recommend this heiress besides her own charm—that she had no relations to be wooed and won. The end of it was I threw aside my work, wrote a telegram to Luxton to meet me by the afternoon train (few of my friends will believe I could be so impulsive), and walked up to my Club to lunch.

Luxton's farm was only between thirty and forty miles from town, and by five o'clock I was shaking his hand and stepping into his dogcart.

"You have been prompt," said he, glancing into my face as we drove off. "You liked the invitation—eh?"

"Yes," said I, looking at the horse's ears, and somehow shrinking from entire frankness. "I have been sticking rather close to work and seeing nobody; I was getting fusty and out of sorts; and the pictures you drew of country delights so tempted me," said I, at length giving him a glance, "that I decided to come for a few days. And having made the decision it would only have been waste of time to put off the carrying of it out, wouldn't it?"

"Certainly. You'll stay a fortnight, at least."

"A fortnight? I must be back in town on Tuesday."

"Tuesday? You can't accomplish any-

thing by Tuesday. Certainly, you can take her to church on Sunday."

"My dear fellow," I said, "it's awfully kind of you to provide for me in the way you suggested, but I don't know that I want to marry anybody, least of all an heiress. May I not enjoy till Tuesday the good things of the country, your and your wife's society—and the girl's too, if she likes—without compromise?"

"Oh! surely, my boy, surely."

He was not offended; we were very old friends, and, as I reflected afterward, he must have considered my old habit of shrinking reserve—how the shyness of my nature had always been ashamed of its weak impulsiveness. So the rest of the way we were silent concerning Miss Jenny Brooke, though I was really itching to talk about her.

However, in half an hour I stood in her presence. It was not too light in the low-roofed farm parlor; a fire burned brightly, the cloth was laid and spread with all the preparations for the usual profuse farmhouse tea, when I entered and saluted my friend's wife, and then, turning, met the direct, half-saucy, half-conscious look of a tall young lady who rose in the corner by the fire. Her complexion was of the clearest—almost consumptively clear (she emitted a painful little cough as she resumed her seat); her eye and nose of the sauciest; fair she was, and her figure was of the compact, maidenly sort that best shows its curves of beauty when reaching up to the clothes-line. During and after tea I had opportunity to judge that she had a tender little heart, somewhat spoiled by injudicious petting, that somewhat petulantly desired the attention and affection of all that came near it, that needed loving instruction and guidance. I, of course, began to assume to myself, what, I suppose, any tolerably serious young swain would have done in my place, that I was about to undertake the care and conduct of this bright young creature.

That night Luxton led me and my candle to bed. He lingered a little.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of my Miss Jenny? A delightful, bright, saucy girl, eh?"

"Very *ingénue*," said I, indifferently, winding up my watch, "and very ignorant. A nice, generous-hearted girl, though, I should think. Do you really think now," I asked, in a burst of confidence, "that any good would come of a man of some education and—and ambition, marrying a girl like her?"

He eyed me critically. I looked at the candle.

"My dear fellow," said he, "if I hadn't thought that would I have written to you? If you want an accomplished girl—music, mathematics, tongues, and high art—you can find her pretty easily; they are nowadays, I believe, as plentiful as toadstools in my bottom meadow. But what good are they when you've got 'em for the ordinary wear of life? Now, here is a girl who has the cardinal virtues of womanhood to start with; she has a strong, tender heart—I know she has—and a beautiful person; and she has a plum. It is true she has been spoiled and neglected, and she reads reams of penny fiction; but she only needs to be taken care of and guided and loved, my boy, by a true-hearted gentleman to show herself to be a queen of women. She is too warmhearted not to marry somebody; and if a man like yourself don't take to her, some villain or some adventurer will."

He had well expressed my own thoughts, but I would not confess so much.

"Do you think," I asked, still with what indifference I could contrive to show, "that she has any desire to be taken care of in that way?"

"Ah! that," said he, "you must find out for yourself. Good-night!"

Next morning there was a letter on the breakfast-table for Miss Brooke: her guardian, Mr. Haldane, was coming by an afternoon train to stay over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luxton said as cordial things about this visit as their disappointment would permit. As for me, I said nothing, for a raging pang of jealousy had shot through me at the news. But until his arrival there was an interval which proved very soothing and encouraging to me. We walked to a pleasant dell on the farm called The Warren, the sides of which were yellow with primroses. We gathered these flowers, and then we sat us down on a fallen trunk and talked—not that we had been silent while stooping over our basket together. We talked so very pleasantly and with such quick confidence that I was not surprised to hear Jenny say presently:

"Isn't it strange that we should only have known each other since last night and be talking like this? But it is so nice to meet somebody you feel you can trust." (I had much ado at that to keep myself from giving at least a caressing touch to the tawny jacket which clothed her like a soft fleece.) "Do you know, when I heard you were coming I was half afraid. I thought you would be an awfully wise, learned, satirical man."

"And you find I'm not," I said.

"At any rate," said she, "I'm not afraid of you."

How much closer our confidences might have got there is no saying; but at that moment a voice rose behind us—"Miss Brooke, your gentleman's come!" and we hurried back to the house.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HALDANE I disliked from the moment I set eyes on him. He had come for his Sunday in the country arrayed in full city rig—tall hat, tall collar, buttoned frock-coat, and small black bag. He was what cabby would call "an 'aughty gent." He had the absurd manners of so many men who look and behave as if they had a position to maintain, and as if they held within their double-

breasted coats the secrets of a government, which they suspect you wish to share. In fine, he was dark, handsome young man, with a heavy black moustache; and I hate dark men.

In the intercourse which was unavoidable in so confined and familiar a household as that of my friend I found the young man quite as objectionable as I had imagined him. He did not look me openly in the face, and I found him trying to estimate me when he thought I was not observing. I discovered he was better informed about sporting events, especially turf events, than about any other matter under the sun; and in my experience the men who are devoted to that noble animal, the horse, are the ignoblest of their kind. The deteriorating influence of the horse upon morals is amazing.

All Sunday I was insisting to myself that I would think no more of the bewitching Jenny, yet I thought of her more and more distractedly, this way and that, wondering what it was in this Haldane that attracted her; for she manifestly was attached to him, at the same time as (I thought) she was rather afraid of him. Could it be that Jenny was one of those women who seem to have had transmitted to them the submissions of savage ancestors, and to caress with most affection the hand that's cruelest to them? If so, then I was out of it. But giddy rapture seized me in the evening when (Haldane not having returned from a walk with Luxton over the fields) she said with simple archness that she would like to go to church. I at once offered to go with her. We were ready in a twinkling. I twined the soft wrap round her sweet neck, and we set off together. I delighted in the darkness and the stumbling, and so did she—to judge by her merry laughter, muffled though it was by the folds of her wrap.

I was scolded by Mrs. Luxton for having taken Jenny out in the night air, and Jenny herself did not appear next morn-

ing at breakfast. Still, I cherished the secret delight, which made music to me until Jenny came down-stairs, devoted herself to Haldane, and seemed to have forgotten all the pleasant intimacy of the evening before. I began to think Jenny a flirt, and I was unused to flirting or being flirted with.

Haldane did not return to town that day, and here the strange part of my story begins. For some reason or another—he was so charmed with the country, or he wished to see a little more of Jenny; any reason, or no reason—he stayed. Cast down, exasperated by Jenny's neglect of me, I wandered alone about the fields and by the brook, until at luncheon (or dinner) time I was in so humble and tender a condition as to be ready to do anything to win back her smiles. I was taken with the wild thought of buying her some worthy present in the neighboring town, but I had not enough money with me. I had, however, my checkbook. I wrote a check, and prevailed on Luxton to drive with me into the town to cash it at his banker's.

"Ah!" said Haldane, when he saw the dogcart at the door, "going for a drive? Into the town? Oh! I think I'll go with you. I'll take the back seat, and balance your trap for you."

So he sat behind, balanced the "trap," and put his head between Luxton and me to remark to us on the mare's points and pace. When we stopped before the little bank in the town Luxton got down to cash my check, and Haldane jumped down also. He strolled into the bank after Luxton, and I could see through the window that while Luxton looked at it before paying it in he looked at it too. I thought at the time it was merely a touch of impertinent curiosity, but events proved it must have been a more calculated glance. When my friend handed me the money I set off to do a little shopping by myself, arranging to meet him at the post-office. I bought a pretty trinket, no mat-

ter what, and in half an hour had rejoined my companions. When we were back in the farmyard I lingered to help Luxton to unharness the mare, while Haldane walked into the house.

"You're in luck," said my friend, grasping my arm with an air of triumph and mystery. "Jenny must have been saying something, or he," with a backward glance toward the retreating Haldane, "must have noticed things for himself. When you were doing your shopping he asked me about you, whether you were well off, you know, and all that."

"And you represented, I suppose, that I was up to my eyes in banknotes instead of in printers' proofs?"

"Well, not quite that; but I think I left a good impression."

"Oh!" I said. I did not feel quite grateful, and I resented Haldane's having anything to do with me. Still, I supposed that if any one but Haldane himself wished to marry Jenny, Haldane's permission must be asked. We walked into the house in silence (my friend, doubtless, thinking me ungracious); and I went to my room to debate with myself and to look at the trinket I had bought. I found I was beginning to think with less dislike of Haldane as guardian merely than as lover and guardian both. I even thought that if he stayed another day or two it would be wise in me to be friendly with him. In the meantime, scarcely knowing how to present the trinket to Jenny, I wrote a little letter addressed to her in case I should decide to use a messenger. That done, I looked for the time both letter and trinket away in my bag, and went down to tea. I endeavored all the evening to be agreeable to Haldane, and acquitted myself fairly well, I believe. I tried to accommodate myself to his mood, which happened to incline toward card-playing. I hear about with me still some evidence of that evening's intercourse with the greatest rascal (I hope) with whom I have ever sat. He taught me the little I know

of euchre, the game of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," with its mysteries of right and left bower.

Next morning, contrary to all expectation, he announced his intention of returning to town at once. He begged to be excused before breakfast was half finished, and withdrew to pack up his bag. In a few seconds he was back, looking very disturbed, and holding in his hand a small, twisted key. He had, he said, spoiled it in his haste, so that it would not turn the lock. Would some one lend him his keys? he asked, looking at me.

"You are welcome," said I, unsuspecting any trick, "to try what you can do with mine."

While he was gone there was some discussion as to how he was to be driven to the station. In the dogcart, of course; but who would drive it? Luxton could not go (he had to be in the fields sowing his seed), nor could he spare a man to go.

"I'm afraid," said Jenny, giving me a straight, appealing look, "that I can't drive a dogcart."

"If I can be of any use," said I, feeling very hot, "use me. I'm not much of a horseman, but I think I can manage the mare."

"You'll manage right enough," said Luxton.

"Oh! thank you," cried Jenny, jumping up to get her hat and jacket. "That will do beautiful."

"And he shall sit on the back seat and balance the 'trap' again," I said to myself.

When I had got my coat on I returned into the parlor. Jenny stood there alone. She stood before the mirror with her hands up, trying to fasten the strings of her respirator about her ears (an east wind was blowing).

"Oh!" she cried, letting her hands drop when she saw me, "do fasten this for me. I've broken the elastic, and I can't tie it back."

I went to her. She inclined the pretty, delicately colored ear to me; I began to fasten the string about it without a word.

"Are you cross?" she asked, lightly.

"Cross?" I answered, as lightly. "Why should I be cross?"

"You don't like Dick. I can see you don't. Why don't you?"

"I shall try to like him as much as a man can, if—"

"If what? Why, how your fingers do tremble! Haven't you got it fastened yet?"

I was overwhelmingly tempted to blurt out a few hot words, and to touch with my lips the delicate, warm skin so close to me, but I refrained. This much, however, let me say. If a young lady should ever wish to precipitate matters with a lagging lover, let her ask him to tie her respirator. I had barely tied Jenny's when Haldane entered and handed me back my keys. He looked paler than usual, I thought, and he had that peculiar suffused fullness of the eyes which marks, I have observed, a too great determination of blood to the head; perhaps (I thought) he was startled by seeing me so close to Jenny. During the drive he was very silent and kept looking at his watch; but I paid little heed to him: I was as happy as a love-sick idiot well could be.

When we reached the station I stayed in the dogcart, while Jenny went down to the platform with Haldane to see him off. Not feeling secure of my management of the mare, when I heard the train approaching I trotted her a little way off, and returned when the train was gone. I expected to find Jenny waiting for me, but there was no one. A porter, however, appeared and came toward me.

"Have you seen Miss Brooke?" I asked. (She was well-known to the porters, as to every one.)

"Yes, sir. She just now tell me, as she jumped into carriage, to tell you as how it's all right. She come up to see you, but you wasn't here."

"Oh! indeed. Jumped into the carriage. She's gone, then, with—with the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir. A dark party with a small black bag."

I flicked the mare with the whip and she started. The porter went to pat her neck and met my eye. He was looking intensely curious.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

This warned me not to let out or give hint of any disagreeable suspicion, which, I knew, would spread through the gossiping little town with the rapidity of spilt spirit.

"No, thank you," I said. "It's all right. Good-day." And I drove off.

The more I thought of this escapade the more I did not know what to think. The Luxtons alone, with their complete knowledge of Jenny's affairs and connections, could explain. So I put the mare to her best pace.

"Eh, alone?" cried Luxton, as I drove into the yard "Where's Jenny? What's the matter?"

"Jenny's gone with Haldane," I said, and related all I knew. "What can she have gone for in such a hurry? It's absurd to think of an elopement under the circumstances."

He shook his head with a look of the profoundest ignorance.

"I haven't a notion," he said. "You seem surprised; but I know very little of her affairs."

"Well," said I, "tell me what you do know, so that we may see if we can understand this together."

"But," said he, staring, "haven't I told you?"

"No," said I; "I have never asked you."

"Well," he began, "her father was a lawyer, a solicitor, I believe, in good practice, like Mr. Spenlow, you know, in *David Copperfield*."

I stared at him; it was only then I understood to the full his romantic notions

about Jenny and me: she was Dora, and I was to be Doady.

"Her father," he continued, "died, leaving her a pretty little fortune, and this young Haldane as guardian."

"That," said I, interrupting, "is what you wrote to me in Danes Inn."

"I thought I had told you."

"But," said I, "who told you Haldane was her guardian? What evidence—?"

"Evidence? She told me herself."

"Herself!"

We stared in each other's face. I fear there was a look of the forgotten lawyer in mine.

"Do you think," he asked, indignantly, "Jenny would not tell me the truth?"

"Not for a moment. She might, however, lend herself to what she thought an innocent deceit. Frankly, I don't like that Haldane. What do you know of him?"

"What I've told you, and what I've seen since he's been here."

"But when Miss Brooke came—"

"Jenny came by herself, like a brave girl, and all of her own motion."

"But who introduced her to you? What introductions did she bring?"

"You talk," said he, with a dubious smile, "as if she were our guest. She is our lodger; people do not make exhaustive inquiries about a lodger."

"Careful people in the city do."

"Well," said he, with a rueful kind of finality, "this is the country."

"It comes to this, then—that you really know nothing of Haldane. Don't you see," said I, drawing my bow at a venture, "that in this way you might receive into your house most objectionable characters?"

We had by this reached the house. Mrs. Luxton met us as I uttered these last words.

"What is the matter?" she asked, anxiously. "What have you done with Jenny? Mary," said she, turning to the gaping servant-girl, "go along into the

kitchen. What were you saying about objectionable characters?" she asked, when the girl was gone.

I told her the situation (her husband standing by, sadly undoing a knot in a piece of whipcord), and repeated that I neither liked nor trusted Mr. Haldane.

"I must tell you," she said to me, with vexation and some hesitation, "a little thing that looks very odd. Mary tells me that this morning, while we were at breakfast, she met Mr. Haldane coming out of your room with a bunch of keys in his hand."

"My own keys, I dare say!" I exclaimed.

"But the strangest thing of all was, he had had the door closed upon himself."

At once I thought of the trinket I had bought to give to Jenny, and I ran off to my room without a word, my host following me. I unlocked my bag. *The trinket and the letter I had written to accompany it were both gone!* I explained my loss to my friends, and reminded them how my own key must have been used to accomplish the theft, taking up in the meanwhile the only other thing of value in my bag—my checkbook. Opening it with no clear purpose, I noticed that the upper edge of the first page was torn. I certainly had not done that; I was always very careful to tear along the perforated line. I examined it with more attention.

"Did you notice," said I to Luxton, "the number of that check I gave you yesterday?"

"Not much," said he, in undisguised alarm; "but I think the last figure was '5.'"

"And," said I, "the last figure of this is '8!' Besides," I continued, "here are two blank counterfoils."

We looked at each other, and felt as if our trust in human nature were gone forever.

"But," said Mrs. Luxton, "you don't imagine Jenny can have had any hand in this?"

"I don't know what I imagine!" exclaimed her husband. "But I think we were fools, as Ned says, to take people into our house without knowing for certain who they were."

"Come," said I, "I'm surprised you give up your favorite so readily. I don't believe she has had anything to do with this, though her disappearance with him needs explanation."

We had no comfort to give each other; little, indeed, of any sort to say to each other.

"I must go up to town at once," said I. "These checks must be stopped; they can only have been taken to get money by forgery. I shall telegraph to the bank when I get to the station."

"And I must go with you," said my friend.

CHAPTER III.

It was now about one o'clock. There was no train from the neighboring little town (which was on a branch line) for two hours. From the nearest main-line station, which was a junction, there was a train in rather more than an hour. If we could catch that train we would reach town at three o'clock. But could we catch it? There lay seven miles of hard road between the farm and the junction. And what about sending a telegram? The town lay out of our way; must we wait till the junction was reached? It was arranged thus: A man was sent into the town on horseback with the telegram, while we set off as speedily as possible to catch the main-line train. With hard driving we reached the junction with just time enough to spare to consign the horse and dogcart to the care of a porter, to be taken to a neighboring inn. At three o'clock we arrived, and drove to the bank.

As we jumped from the hansom, Haldane himself swung out of the bank with his hand in his pocket, and, at the same

instant, a cab dashed up, from which there sprang Jenny, followed by an elderly woman.

"Oh!" cried Jenny, catching at Haldane's arm, "O Dick! Dick! what have you been and done? Oh! you are here!" she exclaimed, when she saw Luxton and myself.

"Mr. Haldane," said I, stepping up to him, "will you please come back into the bank with me?"

"Why, what's the row?" he blustered, but he turned pale. "Is this some new game?"

"If you don't come in quietly," I said, "I must call a policeman."

"All right," he answered, "I'll oblige you."

"Oh!" cried Jenny, turning to my friend, "what will happen to Dick?"

"I can't tell you, my girl," said Luxton, "but it looks a bad business."

We all entered, and I asked for the Manager, giving my card. We were shown into his room.

"I sent a telegram here," said I, "two hours ago to stop two checks that might be presented."

"I have received no telegram," said he, glancing at my name.

"Then," said I, in open alarm, "I suppose they have been paid?"

"I'll inquire," said he. Then to the Cashier when he came: "Has any check been presented in that name within the last hour or two?"

"Yes," said the Cashier, looking at my card. "I paid a check for one hundred and fifty pounds a few minutes ago to that gentleman."

"Bring it to me," said the Manager, looking hard at Haldane. When the check was brought he compared the signature on it with my registered signature in a big book. "It looks right enough," said he (and I caught a glimmer of a smile on Haldane's face). "*Pay to Miss Jenny Brooks . . . or bearer.*" And he handed me the paper.

"The signature," said I, "is a very clever imitation; but it is not mine."

"Oh! dear; oh! dear," cried Jenny. "You mean it's a forgery?"

"I deny it," said Haldane, sturdily. "Will Mr. What's-his-name deny he wrote that letter?" He rose and handed a letter to the Manager, who glanced through it and handed it to me with a queer, puzzled look. It was the very letter I had written to send to Jenny with the trinket! "The check," said Haldane, "was inclosed with that; it was the present mentioned."

The mere words as written do not represent the vile, calumnious sense super-added by look and tone.

"You infamous rascal!" I cried, beside myself.

"Hard words," said he, "break no bones. I am the guardian of my half-sister here. I would have sent the check back, but I preferred when she showed this to me to remove her from your odious attentions, and at the same time to make you smart for it. You have repented of your generosity because I took Jenny away, but I shall stick to your money."

Luxton and I stared at each other, speechless and aghast at his extraordinary impudence. To add to my exasperation, I saw that the Manager began to wear a doubtful, knowing look.

"What," I said—choking with resentment—"what does Miss Brooke say?"

"Yes," said Haldane, turning on Jenny a full look; "I appeal to my sister to confirm the truth of what I say. Was this not sent you as a present?"

"Yes, Dick, yes!" she answered, hurriedly, with her eyes down, and picking at the fingers of her gloves.

"Jenny, my girl," broke in Luxton, almost in tears, "have you considered all that what you say means? I have thought you a good girl: do you know that what your brother or guardian says means your dishonor, and—and all that? Do you

really mean to maintain, my girl, that this was a present?"

"O Dick! Dick!" she cried, throwing herself at the young man's knees. "Yes, yes—it was!"

I heard the words, yet I scarcely knew I was hearing them. I was in an amazing whirl of feeling—wonder, indignation, and pain as if my heart would burst. I could not think then at all of her reasons for admitting this fearful lie. I felt only I must be gone.

"Come," I said to Luxton, "there is nothing more to do here."

"I am sorry," said the Manager; "but you see I can do nothing. It is not for me to test the truth of such statements. Your only remedy is in a court of law."

I was so full of rage and resentment that I could utter nothing. I turned and went out, followed by Luxton. We walked to my chambers. I set down my traveling-bag and looked round my little room. I could not endure the signs of work scattered about; I seemed to have got into a close, repulsive prison.

"I can't stand this," I said. "Let us go out and get something to eat."

We made our way in silence to a restaurant close by, and while we were sitting over a meal, we spoke.

"By George!" said Luxton, "that was a bold, unscrupulous move of his! He made things fit in so well! But what makes me feel bad—downright wicked, indeed—is that that girl should have backed him up in it! It's been an expensive holiday for you, my boy, that you are not likely to forget. And sorry I am that I invited you to be so deceived and disappointed."

"It's not the loss of the money," said I, "that I feel so much, though that is a loss which it will take me some time and a good deal of hard work to make up—it is the horrible necessity of having to think the worst of her! It is too horrible! But let us say no more about it. I shall never see her again, for it is out of the

question for me to take such a matter into court. But how was it they did not get my telegram?"

"Well," said Luxton, "I'm afraid the man I sent with it is not quite to be depended on. I don't mean he's dishonest, but he's too fond of a glass of ale. However, I shall find out when I go home—and home I shall go to-night."

But the end was not yet. That evening, when Luxton had returned to his Arcadian home, I sat brooding in my den on a third floor of Danes Inn, when my little bell clicked to announce a visitor. I had no desire for company; I rose with a gloomy resignation and opened the door. Guess with what speechless surprise I recognized the tall girl in the tawny jacket!

"May I speak to you, please?" The tone was not as it had been in the country, saucy and clear—it was diffident and low.

I opened the door for her to enter.

"May my friend come in? She has come with me: she's my old nurse."

"Come in," I said.

They entered my den. I cleared two chairs for them. Jenny glanced at the walls covered with books, the table, chairs, and floor littered with books and newspapers, and then at me with a peculiar look of respect which at another time would have made me laugh.

"He's gone away! gone to-night to America! And now I know all about it," she broke out, and then paused to choke down a rising sob or two.

A new light began to break on me. Was Jenny not only not the scheming person events had made her out to be, but, instead, really nobler than I had fancied her? Had she really sacrificed herself for this base brother?

"I have done very wrong, I know," she continued, "but please forgive me! I'll pay all the money back to you! I can't at once, because Dick has scarcely left me anything. I'm afraid he has always been a bad boy, and he has always been borrowing of me. That," said she, moving as if to go, "is what I came to say."

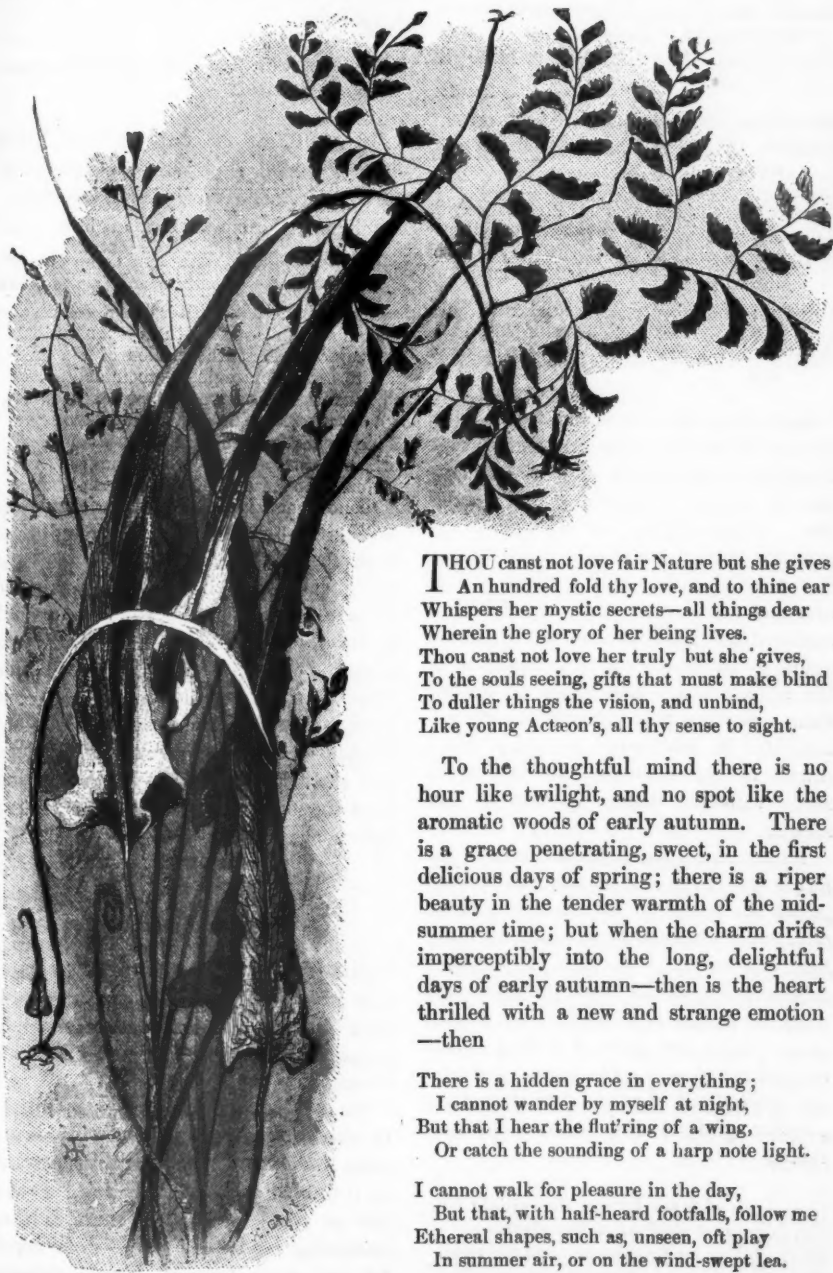
Then I gently urged her to wait a little—to tell me all about it. And she told me how Dick at the station had urged her, insisted on her, going to town with him; he wanted her on very important business. She did not need to say much more; I could understand the rest.

"Jenny," I said, "I am glad you have come. It was very, very hard to have to think you had any hand in this. Don't trouble about paying me back the money; I hope—I hope—I may one day be repaid a million times. Now let me advise you to go back to our friends in the country. Let me take you to them to-morrow: I can explain to them."

So it came to pass that we traveled as I suggested. And I may still further satisfy the curiosity of my readers by admitting that since then I have performed the same journey twice every week, and that I always see Jenny at the other end.

A HANDFUL OF FERNS.

GATHERED AT TWILIGHT IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.



THOU canst not love fair Nature but she gives
An hundred fold thy love, and to thine ear
Whispers her mystic secrets—all things dear
Wherein the glory of her being lives.
Thou canst not love her truly but she gives,
To the souls seeing, gifts that must make blind
To duller things the vision, and unbind,
Like young Actæon's, all thy sense to sight.

To the thoughtful mind there is no
hour like twilight, and no spot like the
aromatic woods of early autumn. There
is a grace penetrating, sweet, in the first
delicious days of spring; there is a riper
beauty in the tender warmth of the mid-
summer time; but when the charm drifts
imperceptibly into the long, delightful
days of early autumn—then is the heart
thrilled with a new and strange emotion
—then

There is a hidden grace in everything;
I cannot wander by myself at night,
But that I hear the flut'ring of a wing,
Or catch the sounding of a harp note light.

I cannot walk for pleasure in the day,
But that, with half-heard footfalls, follow me
Ethereal shapes, such as, unseen, oft play
In summer air, or on the wind-swept lea.

A thousand mystic fancies are mine;
 Nor do I think it childish if mine eye,
 Through leafy tree top or low hanging vine,
 Catches a gleam as in old tapestry,
 Of things that are not wrought with things
 that are.

For Autumn comes again, and all things seem
 Touched with renewing grace—the meadow
 stream,
 Pasture and woodland path, in pulses deep,
 Seem, with the poet's heart, all day to keep
 Rapturous thanksgiving. Filled with dew,
 By hedge and path, all the deep meadows
 through
 The later wild blooms drop, as, half drunken up,
 Some drowsy field god had upset his cup,
 Dazed with this fair dame's half-seen glories
 new.

June comes like a queen, even like the
 Queen of Sheba, laden with gifts; but
 Autumn comes touched with the tender-
 ness of slowly approaching age—comes
 like a woman ripened in life and in ex-
 perience, with a touch of sadness in her
 face, perchance, but with a heart full of
 sure and active sympathy. Ah! she is a
 sensitive and gentle friend, this Autumn,
 quick to catch the varying emotions of
 the human heart, and quick to answer
 them. She is a poet vigorous in style and
 healthful in sentiment; the very blood
 warms at her roundels, and the heart
 aches with the tender sadness of her
 sonnets.

As the rose is the jewel of Summer, the
 fern is the badge of Autumn. In the first
 month she comes to us crowned with an
 interwoven circlet of these flowerless beau-
 ties; and not until the frost has breathed
 its desecrating blight upon the world, not
 until the hedges and waysides are dressed
 in the purple and gold of a king—crim-
 son and purple and gold—sumac and aster
 and golden rod, does she doff them for a
 gaudier garland and more voluptuous
 robing.

Come forth with me, for now the twilight falls;
 The long gaunt shadows of the afternoon
 Have crept across the pastures, and the moon
 Not yet has risen o'er the silent hills.

Come, let us go forth, be it upon an
 evening of July or August, or, nay, upon
 a night in

That sabbath month of the fast waning year,
 Silent September.

In reality, it is autumn now. The
 music of Ariel is in the air, the voice of
 spirits in every nook; there is a sound as

When the fairies, by Titania led,
 Fill all the star-lit night with mellow song,
 And sound of foot and tinkling music drawn
 From tiny harp by tiny hand addressed.

Such sound as poets oftentimes hear

When Oberon comes dancing o'er the green,
 In dress as doth a fairy wight bescem,
 With jingling bells and all his merry clan
 In mimic caper at his sovereign heel.

Come forth with me upon a night like
 this, and we will gather our handful of
 fresh ferns. Wandering along the aro-
 matic paths or beside the spring-fed
 streams, we will find this flowerless growth
 in its hermit-like existence amidst the
 coolest shades of autumn woodlands.
 Here is the common brake, stern and
 thrifty—the Puritan of the New England
 hillsides; here is the maiden-hair, delicate
 and slender, fragile as a girl, over whose
 head the lover Wind pipes often his twi-
 light song—listen! a song

As lawless sweet as ever Robin Hood,
 Upon a flower bank in a dreamy wood,
 Sang to his Marian on a summer's night.

Here, too, is the walking fern and a
 host of others, as dear to the heart, in
 their flowerless beauty, as are the most
 gorgeous blooms in the richest hour of
 June-tide.

Be it morning or high noon or twilight,
 or when the moon looks down, chaste and
 calm, like the true virgin goddess that she is;
 be it in glad or melancholy mood I wan-
 der in these woodlands, there is some
 answering tenderness within their depths
 for me, some fern of lasting thought.

Within these green and mossy silences, beyond the stretching meadows, beyond the village and the sound of labor, I halt and listen—catching the melancholy tenor of Nature's voice, the wistful cadence of the wind, the music of waters mingling in one vast mimicry of silence; feeling upon my brow the breeze crisp with suggestion of its watery birth; noting the far-off flow of my beloved stream, that day by day has filled its voice with sadness, tuning its rhythm to my growing years. Here do I catch the music of woodland spirits, and here, too,

I stand and let the shadows fall around me,
The long gaunt shadows of the fading day;
And whilst, in solemn silence, they surround me,
Whilst the grim woods are growing chill and gray,

Through all my heart an old familiar sadness
Wakes to the sobbing of the lonely wind;
A tender pain, half sorrow and half gladness,
That ever in the autumn days I find.

The faces of my old friends throng

about me, I hear the half-forgotten music of their tones, strange memories fill my lonely heart with longing; but lo! the wind, like a celestial voice above me, soars to the heavens and bears my soul along.

Ah! there are moments when the wearied soul longs for no human ministry, but strains for some diviner comfort; then, then give me this untrammeling space of woodlands and the fields to worship in—give me the illimitable stretch of heaven, that only veils the face of the Omnipotent, and I will pray. Often upon a summer's night, standing alone beside some pasture path, have I listened until it almost seemed mine ear had caught the music of a higher and better sphere. So doth thy voice sound to-night, O wind! amidst the solemn twilight of the woods—

So sweet, so sad, I know not if it be
Some earthly voice, or, from Heaven's minstrelsy,
A hymning angel.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

A TYPICAL AFFECTION.

MR. ARTHUR CARMAN, the teacher of the Greenville public school, is, or was, a very romantic young man. I am aware that I shall prejudice the minds of my readers against him by the confession. Romance in invention, government, social life, may be, indeed, at a premium, but romance pure and simple no longer touches par in the markets of the age. It may be compared by an abrupt change of simile to a hazy atmosphere, in which the most familiar outlines assume unnatural and ill-proportioned outlines.

Thus, while Carman possesses a really good mind fairly trained, a kindly and generous heart, and a confiding and

genial address, these desirable endowments have been in some sense obscured and misrepresented to the eyes of his acquaintances by the pervasive refracting medium of his romantic nature.

Meanwhile, he has gone his way, idealizing common things, plucking hidden promise from the prosaic details of everyday existence, unconscious either of alien compassion or criticism. If the exigencies of his life have confined him to a certain narrowness of outlook, he has, at least, been able to gain from the bottom of his well a constant glimpse of the blue sky of infinite possibilities.

It has been a very easy and pleasant thing to let his thoughts stray from the

little world of the schoolroom out into that larger world beyond, peopled by creatures of his imagination, whom their "counterfeit presentments" of flesh and blood would find it hard to recognize.

Among these ideal personages has walked in serene and unapproachable beauty the "not impossible she," who should one day reign the queen of his life. He has endowed her with every virtue and grace, and when expression failed, he has been fain to appropriate the language of his favorite poets to describe her fancied perfections.

Into one willing pair of ears Arthur has been wont to pour all his dreams and longings. Yet he could scarcely have selected a *confidante* more nearly his own opposite than the little maiden whom he has known for years as "Cousin Amy"—she is not a real cousin, only the orphan niece of Arthur's step-mother, and homeless but for her aunt's adoption. Nurtured under the same roof from childhood, it is no wonder that Arthur and Amy long ago almost ceased to remember that no absolute tie of blood existed between them.

Energetic, sensible, and practical to the last degree, Amy is, nevertheless, the one person of all the world of whose quick comprehension and ready sympathy Arthur has never been disappointed. She has always believed in him thoroughly, and admired him unreservedly—his most unpractical traits only awakening in her that motherly instinct which lies latent in every true, womanly nature.

With so much of introduction, I may proceed to my little story of last summer's happenings.

Greenville is not so far inland as to forbid frequent summer excursions of the villagers to various resorts along the shore. Of these, Roland Head is a favorite objective point, and thither, on one torrid day of his midsummer vacation, Arthur drove in a light carry-all with his step-

mother and two lady guests from an adjoining town.

One of these ladies, to his secret discomfiture, occupied with him the driver's seat. Some one has defined a bore as "a person who persists in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself." The elderly person at his side was certainly a very poor listener. If only Amy had been there instead! She would have known when to be silent and when to interject those little expressions of delighted assent which punctuate so pleasantly the smoothly flowing sentences of one who is conscious of talking fluently and well.

It was, then, with some sense of relief that Arthur deposited his passengers upon the long veranda of the Prospect House, and having given his horse to a groom, wandered down the path to the beach, to cool his heated forehead in the salt breeze, and let the music of the waves charm the weariness from his nerves.

He was to have no solitary communion with nature, however, for the broad, sandy beach was tented with a score of umbrellas warding off the too fiery rays of the sunlight from dainty complexions and parti-colored toilets, while an indistinct ripple of small talk—the veriest foam of sound—softened the boom of the surf.

Somewhat disconcerted by the cool or indifferent regard of so many pairs of eyes, Arthur made his way past the idle groups to a ledge of rocks far down the shore. Climbing with some difficulty over the rugged projections, he reached, at last, a sheltered niche with which former visits had made him familiar, whence he could look away over the blue, limitless expanse of ocean.

Some one had been there before him. Caught upon a point of rock was a lady's handkerchief—a filmy bit of linen and lace. As Arthur took it in his hand, a delicate perfume exhaled from its folds, and at the same moment he saw what seemed the white edge of a piece of card-

board projecting from a tiny cleft in the stone where the handkerchief had lain. Grasping it with some difficulty between his thumb and finger, he drew it forth. A cabinet photograph!

Little had he anticipated the surprise in store. The face—that of a lady—was one scarcely to be described. One might analyze it, feature by feature, making mental catalogue of the low, full brows, the large, dark eyes, the nose straight and shapely, the sensitive lips with their half-defined curves, as if about to break into speech, the delicate, rounded contour of cheek and chin—yet its chief charm was, after all, a certain intangible, evasive quality, which hovered about the whole. Even the hair, which clustered in soft waves about the forehead, was misty as a saint's aureole, and the eyes melted with some untranslatable language of blended thoughts.

Arthur's heart throbbed with excitement. At last—at last—the lady of his dreams! He had not been mistaken! Beauty idealized, sweetness refined of all earthly flavor—since these really existed, must they not be for him? Why else had fate thrown at his very feet this radiant clew? To find this lovely unknown—to call her his—seemed all at once the sole object of life. What obstacle of birth, fortune, or circumstance could stand between him and the heart which, looking through those mysterious eyes, silently announced itself the immortal complement of his own? In vain he sought for some distinguishing mark upon the margin or back of the card—not even the name of the artist had been perpetuated.

Sea and sky had suddenly lost their charm—a nearer, a more subtle attraction drew him toward those gay groups along the shore, whom he had just now passed so carelessly. Might she not, perchance, be among them?

With sweet tantalization he conjectured whether, once found, she must be slowly won, or would the mystic bond between

them be revealed to her “that moment that his face” she should see?

He clambered down the precipitous rocks and took his way backward along the beach. More than one usually self-possessed young lady felt herself suddenly color under the look bent upon her by the young man of somewhat countrified appearance who passed slowly by—a look which, holding no intentional affront, was yet too earnest and searching to be explained either by mere curiosity or lack of delicate breeding.

“What an extraordinary person!”

“Has he lost anything, I wonder?”

“His heart, maybe!”

“If so, he certainly accuses you of having stolen it!”

These were some of the comments which, spoken *sub voce*, attended Arthur's return to the hotel, where his three charges, now rested and refreshed after their long, dusty drive, awaited their truant *chaperon*. For once Arthur could consider indulgently the eager curiosity which busied itself rather with the human element of the place than with the grand aspect of nature revealed in wave, rock, and far-brooding sky.

The hours passed without further developments, and Arthur was forced at last to order his carry-all and turn his face reluctantly homeward. Yet he felt himself possessed by a strange exaltation not to be tempered by present disappointment. Was not his hope deferred that its fruition might be all the sweeter? Even the endless stream of his elderly companion's conversation had no longer power to annoy him. With the precious photograph resting consciously in his breast-pocket, and the subtle perfume of the filmy handkerchief pervading his senses like the very dream of an odor, what could successfully assail his peace? One element only of impatience remained. He could scarcely wait for the quiet evening, when—Amy's multitude of small household tasks at last completed—he might have

the little cousin quite to himself, display the fateful picture to her admiring gaze, and pour into her sympathetic ears the story of his hopes.

Much surprise was expressed in the Carman household when, a day or two later, Arthur announced his intention of spending an entire week at Roland Head. To pay the high rates for board and lodging demanded by the Prospect House, when one could easily drive to the Head in the morning, picnic on the beach, and return to the shelter of his own roof at night, seemed to frugal Mr. and Mrs. Carman a reckless extravagance. However, it being his own money which Arthur was about to spend, his right to do so could scarcely be denied. No one but Amy was able to assign any motive for his departure beyond the desire for a few days of apparently idle and unnecessary pleasuring. Was it a forced smile with which she listened to his farewell whisper—"I shall not come home without some trace of her, Amy!"

Arthur became unconsciously an object of considerable mild curiosity in hotel and cottage circles at the "Head." It was evident that he knew no one there, and his *tout ensemble* was scarcely that of an ordinary summer pleasure-seeker, yet these facts alone might have attracted no attention but for a certain, almost preternatural, vigilance asserting itself at intervals, in strange contrast to his naturally unobtrusive manner.

But it was in vain that his eyes ranged the rows of feminine faces at the hotel table, or scanned the stage arrivals day by day—in vain that he haunted parlors and promenade, or took long walks along the shore even to the waste of salt marshes beyond the farthest cottages. There were faces young and old, dark and fair, beautiful and plain, but nowhere the counterpart of that upon which he feasted eyes and heart in solitude. He began to long sorely for Amy's sympathy and counsel. How many a time her woman's wit had extricated him from some labyrinth of un-

certainty! Surely she would have some advice, suggestion, for this emergency. His proposed week would end on the morrow. Then he would go home and take his bearings anew.

Arthur had reached this conclusion while sitting on the hotel veranda, apparently absorbed in the examination of the daily newspaper, which the coach had just brought in.

A gay voice struck upon his ear, which he recognized as that of one of the young lady guests who had interested him as bearing some faint, shadowy resemblance to his treasured photograph.

"Letters for me, Cousin Edgar?" cried the girl, extending her hands to a young man approaching from the direction of the office.

"Letters! I should think so! Remember me when you need a private secretary!" was the laughing response as he tossed a packet upon her lap.

The young lady scanned the superscriptions with eagerness.

"This is from home—this from Florrie—that is dear, old Ruth's handwriting. And what's this?" She held up a large buff envelope, such as inevitably suggests the photographer's studio.

"Oh! I know!" she cried, tearing the end of the envelope open. I wrote to Madge Carroll to send me another of our pictures. I lost mine, with my prettiest handkerchief, the day I climbed those wretched rocks, and ruined my new organdie besides."

Arthur's heart beat like a trip-hammer—the blood rushed to his temples. As he turned toward the speaker with a swift, involuntary motion, the girl looked up, her gaze captured by the uncontrolled eagerness of his own. She nodded pleasantly—her seat had been near his at table, and there was little ceremony at the Prospect House—and held out the scrap of pasteboard.

"Did you ever see a composite photograph?" she asked. "I think them very

interesting. This one was made of ten of us girls at Vassar."

Arthur took the picture mechanically. For a moment, a sense of dizziness threatened to overpower him, but he controlled himself by an almost superhuman effort as those unfathomable eyes looked up at him once more from beneath the waves of misty hair. Ten Vassar girls! His brain reeled with the effort to adjust this complex personality. He stammered an acknowledgment, and rising, walked directly to the office, called for his bill, and in less than a half-hour had left Roland Head and the Prospect House behind him.

It was late afternoon when Arthur walked swiftly homeward across the fields from the little railway station. As he drew near the garden gate, he saw the flutter of a light dress against the clustering green of the raspberry bushes. The dress was Amy's, and Amy, herself, was gathering berries for tea. She had not yet looked up, but he could see her face quite plainly. What ailed the child? There was a strange weariness in her expression, an almost pathetic drooping of the corners of her mouth—he could even fancy a change in the child-like contour of her cheeks. The scales fell from Arthur's eyes. A great wave of tenderness swept his being. He walked on, but slowly, fearing to startle her. Suddenly, at the sound of his step, she raised her head, and a hot flush suffused her face.

"Arthur!" she cried, springing up so hastily that the basket of raspberries was overturned upon the ground, "we did not expect you until to-morrow!"

"No; I was homesick, I think."

"But you—you look so happy! You—found her?"

Again the swift flush dyed her cheek.

"I found her—yes."

"Is she—like the picture?"

The blue eyes did not meet his, and the little berry-stained fingers toyed with the handle of the empty basket.

"Not one bit! A thousand times prettier and dearer!"

"And it is—can it be settled so soon?"

"Not quite settled, Amy"—he was bending over her, possessing himself of the little hands that fluttered like frightened birds in his grasp—"not quite settled; but it shall be soon, please God! Amy—sweetheart—can you possibly care for a blockhead who has loved you all his life without knowing it?"

"Arthur!" She trembled from head to foot, and her voice shook with pain.

"Would you make sport of me?"

"Make sport of you, my darling? Listen, Amy! All my happiness hangs on your answer. I have never been able to do without you. Am I likely to begin now? Speak, Amy! Don't refuse me because I have been a blind fool, darling!"

She did not speak, but when she would have hidden her face upon his arm, he lifted it gently and read her answer in her brimming eyes.

That evening, while they sat together on the vine-covered porch, Arthur told his story, ending with "And I wouldn't give my little Amy for a real, live 'composite' of ten times ten Vassar girls!"

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

BLOOD-MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPTATION.

NED ALTCARR sat late at night in the scantily furnished room of his cottage. The fire burned low, for coals were precious. A candle glimmered feebly in the gloom, and sputtered as the high wind whistled through the worn framework of the window. Signs of poverty appeared in everything, and he, with hands clasping his brow, was face to face with absolute want. A clerk out of work for two months, with a sick mother and a young sister to support. He had done his best, and now the last crust had been eaten. Even that crust had been supplied by charity. The workhouse was the next step in the downward career—the workhouse or—

He started to his feet—there was some one cautiously tapping at the window, and calling in a shrill whisper:

"Ned, Ned—open, and let me in."

He went to the door, and a man with the collar of a heavy overcoat drawn up over the lower part of his face, and a cap worn low over his brows, pushed his way in, closing the door quickly behind him.

"What's up, Jack? Is anybody chasing you?"

Jack was excited and out of breath; but presently he answered, huskily:

"I don't know; I am not sure. But I want to stay here until to-morrow night."

"Here! Why, man, this is the first place the police searched for you. They have learned that we are old friends, and they have set a watch upon me."

"If they came here first, they are less likely to come again soon. Anyhow, I am too tired to go farther. You must hide me for a few hours, for old times' sake."

"What madness tempted you to come back?"

"I doubled on the hounds, and hope they are thrown off the scent. Give me something to drink."

Ned pointed to a broken jug containing water, and the visitor took a thirsty draught.

"Have you nothing stronger?—anything eatable?" he queried, in his flurried way; and when his friend, with a gloomy shake of the head, signified no, he added: "Is it so bad as that, lad? And the mother ill, too. Here, take this, you can go out and get something—get some brandy. I want a fillip and a bite, for I have not dared to venture into a house since yesterday." He placed a handful of silver and copper on the table.

Ned hesitated, and at that moment he heard his sister calling him. Fearing that the girl might come and discover the fugitive, he hastened to his mother's bedroom.

"Mother is worse, Ned; she can scarcely breathe," said his sister, crying.

Ned looked for an instant at the invalid, raised her in his arms so that she might cough more freely, and gently laid her down again. "Don't leave her for an instant, Kitty; I'll be back soon." He returned to his own room, and snatched up the money which was on the table. "Bolt the door after me, Jack; I won't be long."

During his absence, Jack Wolton tried to rest. He threw back his cap, opened the heavy overcoat, and lay down on the little bed in the corner. But he could not lie still. Springing up with a muttered oath, which was in truth a groan of anguish, he moved restlessly about the confined space, his hands clenched, and his lips tightly closed, whilst his blood-

shot eyes glared fiercely at the shadows which the flickering candle revealed around him.

He was a tall, stalwart fellow, and had been handsome; but the face was now pale and haggard. He had been fond of athletic sports; and even when he arose to the position of assistant-manager in the great cloth manufacturing firm of Arnold & Co., Leeds, he continued to be a leading spirit among cricketers and football players, so that his muscular powers were unimpaired by his close confinement to a desk. He was regarded as one of Fortune's favorites—frank and sociable, steady in business, and enjoying the entire confidence of the house he served. It was understood that he was to marry a pretty girl, Lizzie Holroyd, the daughter of Arnold & Co.'s cashier, and there seemed to be every prospect of happiness and prosperity for the couple.

Suddenly there was a change in Jack Wolton's manner and conduct which astounded everybody. He became morose, abstracted, and forgetful to such an extent, that the firm, under the advice of an experienced physician, insisted that he should take a three months' holiday, as it was evident that he had, in his eagerness to "get on," overworked himself to the verge of a total breakdown.

He submitted; but instead of going abroad, as he had been advised, his time was spent at Blackpool, Harrogate, and Scarborough—flying from one place to the other without finding satisfaction, and constantly appearing in Leeds at the most unexpected times. On returning to his post, he was subdued in manner, pertinacious in his attention to duty, but the old blithe spirit was gone. Meanwhile, it became known that his engagement with Lizzie Holroyd was at an end—why and how could only have been explained by the lovers, and they were silent.

Toward the end of a year Jack appeared to be regaining a degree of his former healthy good-humor. Then it was

rumored that Percy Arnold, the eldest son of the head of the firm, was about to marry the daughter of a Manchester merchant-prince. When Jack was told this, he said decisively to his informant: "It's a lie." But when he read a paragraph in a local newspaper referring to the forthcoming event, he walked into the private room of Mr. Arnold, senior, with the paper in his hand. "Is this true?" he asked, pointing to the paragraph.

"Of course it is," was the answer; "and a capital match, too. Why do you ask?"

"If it is true, your son is the biggest blackguard that lives."

Old Mr. Arnold was dumb-stricken, and convinced that the man was mad. At length he gasped:

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you!"

"Don't talk about daring to me, Mr. Arnold. I am sorry for you; but for your son, I hope he and I may never meet. If we do, it will be bad for one of us. He is bound to Lizzie Holroyd."

Jack left the place, and was not seen again by any one connected with the establishment, except Ned Altcar, who, for holding intercourse with him, was promptly dismissed—at the instigation, it was believed, of Percy Arnold. The latter was a gentleman who found little favor among the people connected with his father's business, and he was perfectly indifferent whether he did or not. But a thrill of horror and pity did pass through the breasts of every one when it was reported that the young man had been found dead near Kirkstall Abbey—evidently murdered. The words which Jack Wolton had spoken to the dead man's father clearly indicated the criminal, and the hue and cry was raised against him; but so far he had eluded all efforts to capture him, even when they were stimulated by a government offer of one hundred pounds reward.

When Ned went out to procure the re-

freshments of which the fugitive stood so much in need, he learned that Mr. Arnold, senior, had added five hundred pounds to the reward already offered for the capture of his son's murderer. He was extremely nervous as he placed the things on the table; and Wolton, observing how his hands trembled, told him to follow his example, and take a stiff glass of brandy-and-water.

"I'll take some in to mother, first, Jack. She's very weak, and maybe this will help her. The doctor said she ought to have a little."

Wolton nodded, and helped himself again. Then he made an attempt to eat, but could not. He tried hard, knowing of how much importance it was to him to eat rather than to drink. But he could not swallow and he drank again.

Ned having attended to the invalid, sat down, and he too, found some difficulty in eating. A horrible idea had possession of him—a temptation of the evil one, which he tried to find strength to conquer by drinking. The brandy acting upon his empty stomach would have had a disastrous effect; but he was careful. Wolton was not.

"Why do you keep on shivering in that way?" said the latter.

"I am frightened," was the dull answer.

"Frightened at what?" asked Wolton, recklessly.

"Frightened at myself," rejoined Ned, gloomily, with elbows resting on his knees and chin on his knuckles, whilst he stared into the embers.

"You are frightened because I am here. Well, I am sorry to bother you. But mind, Ned, whatever happens to me, what I have done was a just act of retribution."

"No doubt, no doubt it was so in your eyes. But—"

"Oh! stop your 'buts.' You know, if no else does, how much I had to bear when the girl, who was on the point of

becoming my wife, told me that she liked *him* better than me. You know how hard it was for me to say: 'Very well, Lizzie; if you believe that you will be happier with Percy Arnold than with me, I shall not stand in your way.' But I did. I spoke no word of the bitterness I felt at the notion that if my fortune had been equal to his she would not have changed. I tried to think only of what was best for her—or, at any rate, of what pleased her best, for I never believed that he would be true to her."

"You did the right thing by her, Jack. Nobody will gainsay that, and she was a fool not to see—"

"Drop that, Ned. I can't bear a word against her. She has found out her mistake, and is suffering for it. If he had been faithful to her, I would have got over my loss in time. But when I learned that he had left her with her baby, and was going to marry another woman, my head went wrong. I believed that they had been married—they both said so, and she believed it—poor lass."

"He was always equal to any lie that served his purpose," muttered Ned, abstractedly, for he was tortured by that horrible idea which was flickering like a fiery speck in his brain, and unable to follow the passionate self-defense of his companion.

"Even then I held myself in. I sent for him, and told him that he must do the right thing by the girl. He laughed at me, and said she knew what she was about, and that he would see to the kid. Think of that, Ned—think of that! I struck him, and he fell. I did not mean to kill him; but he deserved it. Such a demon had no right to live further. And yet the law would hang me for riding the earth of such a pest."

"Hush! Don't talk so loud. I tell you the place is watched, and you may be heard."

"All right, old fellow. I don't want to bring you into trouble; but I do want

you to understand that my act was that of an honest man. Ah! Ned, I cared more for that girl than for—well, for my own soul. That's true." He rose, and again moved restlessly about the room.

Ned did not look at him or speak, but was conscious of his every movement.

Presently, Wolton flung himself on the bed. "I'll try to get a nap," he said, hoarsely, "and that will help me on my next journey. I'll get off safe enough. Turn me out, if you are afraid to let me rest here."

"Rubbish. Take a rest if you can get it. I'll keep watch, and waken you should there be any signs of danger."

"That's like you, Ned. Thank you. I think there is a chance of sleep to-night." His eyes closed drowsily, and presently his heavy breathing indicated that he was asleep; but his nervous movements and occasional mutterings proved that the sleep was much disturbed.

Ned glanced now and again at the recumbent form, and then back to the smouldering fire, in which he saw the big words, "SIX HUNDRED POUNDS."

There was a sudden hush of the wind, which had been blowing in sharp gusts, making eerie noises through the crannies of the cottage and in the chimney. The stillness was broken only by the stertorous breathing of the fugitive, who, after days and nights of restless wandering, had at length found a haven in which he might resign himself to repose in the confidence that a friend was keeping watch over him.

Ned remained in his position, his eyes hungrily watching those potent words, whilst he shuddered at the suggestion they conveyed. The lull outside startled him, and his fingers twitched convulsively. He wished the wind would rise again, and help to drown the sounds which would not allow him for a moment to forget the presence of his friend. He dug his knuckles into his temples and tried to think of other things—tried to work out a plan by which Wolton might be enabled to escape

—tried to look his own future in the face and to guess what the end was to be. But that was plain enough, was his bitter thought—the workhouse or starvation or—the other thing. Yet, six hundred pounds were written in letters of fire on the white ashes in the grate. He shut his eyes, and still he saw them as if they were burning on his eyelids. He altered his position, and they took shape out of the shadows which the feeble candle cast around him. Then voices seemed to hum the words in his ears: "Mother ill; you, a beggar, and six hundred pounds at your command! Six hundred pounds!—one from government; five from old Arnold."

With such a sum, what might not a man do? There was comfort assured for the mother, relief for his starving sister, and a fortune in the future for them all. And to secure this what had he to do? Only to say: "There is your man." He shivered again, and felt sick. In wild horror he seized the brandy bottle and sought to deaden the torment of thought and speculation. Yes, he had only to speak these few words, and the misery of poverty would disappear. But what besides? He would be a traitor to his friend, who had trusted his life to him! At the same time, what could life be worth to a murderer? He could know no happiness in it. The memory of his victim must haunt and torture him till he committed suicide or gave himself up to the authorities. That was supposing he escaped; and what likelihood was there of that? Would there not be countless eyes eagerly on the lookout for the wretched man, whose capture meant six hundred pounds to the lucky one who was able to say: "There is your man."

The moral sense of the poor clerk was being rapidly poisoned. There could be no wrong in it. Was it not a duty to aid the ends of justice? Was it not a crime to help a murderer to escape the penalty of his crime? Why should others have the reward which he might obtain and

use with advantage for innocent sufferers? It would save the man a few days, maybe a few weeks, of agony; for he could experience nothing but agony whilst he was being hunted from place to place like a beast of prey, weighed down to the earth by the sense of his guilt. He could not escape. Why, then, should Ned Alt carr lose the opportunity which had been thrust upon him—ay, thrust upon him, he must remember that—of finding a way out of direst misery? And yet the thought was a horrible one. They were friends, and Jack, counting upon their friendship, had sought his protection in this hour of sore need. Jack had helped him at a pinch, and if things had gone right, would have insured his rapid promotion in the house of Arnold & Co. Ned felt his head throbbing as if the blood were surging through the brain with such violence that it must burst some of the blood-vessels. His throat was parched, and he took more brandy.

Yes, he would do it! The words appeared to be spoken loudly in his ear by some invisible being, and yet the voice was like his own. He started to his feet, desperately resolved to escape the temptation which was overpowering him, by rousing the sleeper. "Jack, Jack! Rouse up, lad, and go—there is danger here!" he said, hoarsely.

"It's no use—no use," muttered the fugitive, disturbed in his sleep, but not roused from it. "That face haunts me everywhere, and it will not let me rest. There is no escape. I am weary of the struggle. Let them come and end it all quickly. I am worn out. Death is a welcome friend. Poor Lizzie!"

Ned stood spellbound and awe-stricken. He had been right, then; the man was enduring mental torments which would render death welcome, notwithstanding his defiant justification of his deed. Was not this a plain intimation to Ned Alt carr that the thing which had appeared to him as a prompting of the foul fiend would be

a service to his friend? Muddled as his senses were, he made another effort to resist the sophistry which was seeking to reconcile his conscience to treachery.

"Rouse, Jack, rouse!—there is danger!" he cried, hastily, afraid of delay, lest resolution should fail him.

He grasped Wolton by the shoulder, and at his touch the man sprang up fiercely, prepared to grapple with a foe. Half awake, he did not recognize his friend and seized him by the throat; but, coming to himself, he exclaimed: "Hillo, Ned, lad, what's up? I have been dreaming and thought a constable had grabbed me. What ails you, that you keep on shivering?"

"You have had a rest. I want you to slip out by the back of the cottage. You are not safe here."

"Has anything happened? Have you heard anybody about?"

"No; but you are not safe here," was the evasive but truthful reply. "When I went out to get the things I learned that old Arnold has added five hundred to the reward offered by the authorities for your apprehension."

"That will make six hundred. Didn't think I was worth so much. Well, he'll be a lucky chap who gets it. But if there are no signs of immediate danger, I'll lie down again. Heaven only knows when there will be another chance for a sleep."

"I wish you would go. The detectives may come at any minute. I tell you again that you are not safe here." Ned spoke earnestly, almost pleadingly, for he was trying to save himself from himself. His necessities were so great, that he knew it would not be possible to resist much longer the temptation which was thrust upon him.

"Safer here than anywhere else, Ned, so long as you keep watch," answered Wolton, stretching himself on the bed again. "Let me remain for this night in peace. To-morrow night—ah, well, we had better not think of that."

Ned was irritated by this stupid rejection of his warnings, and still more irritated when he perceived that Wolton was asleep again. He, Ned Alt carr, who had committed no crime, could not sleep; and yet here was this man, with blood upon his soul, sleeping soundly!

The candle started into a broad flame as the paper which was wrapped around the base to make it fit the candlestick caught fire; then it went out. This time Wolton did not breathe heavily; he slept as peacefully as a child, as if no sorrow, no regret, no crime lay upon his conscience. The darkness and the silence were terrible to Ned Alt carr. He had done his best to warn his friend of the danger which beset him. He had done his duty as a friend; now, he must do his duty as a citizen of a law-abiding country, and as a man who had to find food at any rate, and comfort if possible, for those dependent on him.

He went forth stealthily, opening and closing the door with the least possible noise. He proceeded to the police station and had a brief interview with the Superintendent on duty.

"There is a reward of six hundred pounds offered to any one who will give such information as will lead to the apprehension of the man who murdered Mr. Percy Arnold?"

"Yes," answered the Superintendent, eyeing the speaker with an expression of curiosity and doubt. "Have you got any information?"

"I can show you where to find the man."

Every nerve in Alt carr's body quivered as he spoke the fatal words; but he appeared to be calm. He was insensible to pain of mind or body. Sullen resolution to do this thing sustained him. Six hundred pounds! There would be no more starving when he possessed that fortune.

After some sharp questioning the Superintendent summoned two constables, who proceeded with Alt carr to his cottage. He told them to go in, directed them to the room where they would find the man who

was wanted, but he remained outside, in the bleak light of the first flush of dawn on a cold misty morning.

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

RIVELING HALL was about two miles from Sheffield, and the Riveling water ran by the foot of the park. The grounds were extensive for a merely suburban residence, and the house was large, but less pretentious in its style of architecture than its title would have suggested. It was the property of Richard Edwards, Esq.

This gentleman had arrived in Sheffield about twenty years ago, and, having a small capital, had invested it in the business of a clever but impecunious man. Under the direction of Edwards, the trade of the firm rapidly developed. Year by year its reputation for thorough work extended, and the demand for the productions of Messrs Edwards & Clark increased. The little workshop in which Edwards had found Clark grew into a huge building, in which two hundred people were employed. The restless energy of Edwards carried everything before it; and, on the death of his partner, he, being now free to act as he pleased, added still further to the works. Some marveled at the rapidity of his rise in the manufacturing world; some envied it; but although he obtained the homage which wealth can always command from the majority of mortals, there were few who sincerely called him friend. In his success he was generous. He built churches, subscribed munificently to local and general charities, and no real case of distress which was brought under his notice was ever allowed to remain unrelieved. Whilst prosperous in the highest degree in business, his domestic life was one of profound gloom. He built Riveling Hall, and wedded a lady who possessed a considerable fortune. Children

were born, and passed away one by one before the joys of paternity could be realized. Then his wife died, and Edwards was left with increased riches, but a cheerless home.

About this time he brought from a French boarding-school a girl about fifteen years old, who was understood to be his daughter by a former marriage. As Lizzie Edwards was a bright and beautiful creature, he doubtless supposed that she would bring some happiness to the desolate hearth. Whether she did so or not, no one could tell. The girl was supplied with all the luxury that heart could desire; but in her twentieth year, although more beautiful than when she first arrived at the Hall, she did not appear to be so light-hearted as she had been then. There was an old housekeeper who shook her head, and whispered in confidence to her cronies: "There seems to be curse on this house."

On a bright day in June, there stood, under the shadow of a beech-tree at the foot of the park, a man who was looking eagerly toward the Hall, and was evidently watching for the coming of somebody. He was young—about twenty-eight—and well favored by nature in face and figure. He wore a dark tweed suit and a low-crowned felt hat. Youth and strength were his, and yet, on that bright day, there was trouble in his heart. But the sunlight flashed in his eyes when he saw a girl, simply but prettily dressed, emerge from the house. She put up her sunshade, and walked leisurely, as it seemed, like one who is merely taking an airing—across the park in the direction of the beech-tree.

"She is coming, then!" the man whispered joyfully to himself, as he drew back a little, so that the trunk of the tree stood between him and the house.

When the girl was near the tree, she gave a hasty and frightened look backward, as if to assure herself that she was not followed. No one was visible, and

she cautiously quickened her steps. This was Lizzie Edwards, and he who was waiting for her was George Corbet, a civil engineer, in business in Sheffield.

"I am grateful to you, Lizzie, for this proof of your confidence in me," he said fervently.

The girl's hand trembled in his. She seemed half afraid to look at him. "Did you need any proof of that?" she asked, simply, and raised her eyes.

"No, no; and I will try not to repeat that mad proposal of flight. But you told me to hope and wait."

"And I repeat the words now—hope and wait." The words were accompanied by a faint smile, intended to comfort him.

"Then what I have heard is not true—you have not consented to marry Sir Joshua Wigan?"

"My consent has not been asked. My father expects that, having told me, I must not think of you: time and separation from you will bring me round to his wishes, by enabling me to understand and appreciate the great honor intended for me."

"And, but for me, you might accept that honor—ay, and be happy, perhaps, for Sir Joshua is known to be a good fellow," commented Corbet, gloomily. "You are barred from a position most women would be proud of by my selfish love."

"And my own," she added, with gentle chiding in her voice.

"Ah! that is my justification." The glad light was in his eyes again. "But if I thought that by going away and giving you time to forget me, as your father wishes—if, by doing this, I thought your happiness would be more assured than it can be by me, I think I could do it."

"Hush, George! you know that I cannot forget you; and if you were capable of such cruelty, I should suffer, but could not forget."

"I am sure of it, my darling; and that is why I do not mean to make such a useless sacrifice. But we must look our posi-

tion square in the face. You are the daughter of a wealthy man; and I am comparatively a poor one, with only 'prospects' to reckon in my favor. Your father refuses to wait until some of these prospects are realized. We cannot blame him for that—at least not much."

"But I understand Sir Joshua is not rich," she interrupted.

"He has his title and his pedigree, and they are worth a great deal in the eyes of some people. Your father is one of them, and he thinks that the best he can do for you is to give you to this worthy man. We think differently, and can offer no other explanation for our audacity than that we love each other."

"Is that not enough, George?"

"To us, yes; but to your father, no. We are fools, in his opinion, and blind ones, too, for we cannot see that he is only saving us from an act of folly, which, if committed, we should bitterly repent. We don't believe that, and he asserts his authority. He forbids our engagement, and presents to you the man he has chosen to be your husband. He will use his authority still further, and insist upon your obedience. Do you think you are strong enough to hold out against his arguments, his persuasions, and his commands?"

It was difficult for the girl to answer this question. She believed that she would be strong enough to hold out against every influence brought to bear on her; but when thought with its instantaneous photographic power presented to her the picture of the rebellious attitude she would be compelled to assume toward her father, she hesitated, doubting herself, and afraid to pain her lover by any faltering answer. She knew that no arguments, persuasions, or commands could alter her affection; but what she might do to escape constant persecution it was not easy for her to decide. Then she looked at Corbet, and meeting his eager, inquiring gaze, she answered im-

pulsively: "Yes, I am strong enough to resist them all; but my father will not insist when he sees that insistence is useless. He will not insist when he sees that if I did consent I should be miserable."

"I hope it may be as you believe; but, Lizzie, the day is already fixed for your marriage. Your father is not to wait until you have forgotten me; he has decided to carry out his plans at once, in order to give us no chance of spoiling them."

The girl stood dumbly gazing at her lover. Surprise and dismay were in her expression. She only said under her breath: "There *must* be some mistake—it is not possible that my father would do this without one word to me."

"I did not think he would; but he has—he himself told me yesterday. That was why I asked you to meet me here."

"Oh! but he must have spoken when he was in anger, and in the hope that the statement would discourage you." She was seeking vainly for any explanation which would tally with her own wishes. She could not bring herself to believe that her father would attempt to force her will by publicly announcing the marriage, so that, in dread of the scandal which her open rebellion would cause, she might yield.

"He was angry; but he meant what he said. Now, my poor Lizzie, how are we to resist him?"

"I do not know. But they *cannot* force me. No, no; they will not try. My father is cold—sometimes harsh, maybe; but he does desire my happiness; I am sure of that. It is only because he is so proud of me that he wants to bring about this marriage." She had been speaking excitedly, but suddenly checked herself, and said calmly: "No matter what they may do, George, I am yours until you reject me."

He clasped her hands in his: there was no need to speak, no need to repudiate an impossible contingency. His silence was

a more solemn assurance of constancy than the loudest protestations in words could have been. She felt it so, and there was infinite trust in the tender blue eyes which gazed into his. Whatever evil fortune might betide him, he had one possession which Fate could not take from him—the love of a true woman. He knew it, and the knowledge made him strong.

The blissful silence was disturbed, and the confident smile faded from their faces, when Corbet, looking up, saw Mr. Edwards advancing toward them. "Here is your father," he said, quietly; "I suppose there will be another rumpus; but do not fear; I shall keep my temper."

Instead of trying to avoid the father, they advanced to meet him. Lizzie could not help a slight feeling of trepidation; but she, like her lover, was conscious of some new strength within her which would sustain her against any wrath or tyranny that might be exercised upon her.

Mr. Edwards bent his head in recognition of Corbet as they halted. "You can say good-bye to Mr. Corbet, Lizzie, and go into the house; I want to speak to our friend." There was no anger or irony in his voice; he spoke as if there were nothing strained or unusual in the position of affairs.

She obeyed him; and as she slowly made her way back to the house, the two men stood face to face—both calm and both resolute.

Mr. Edwards was a short, square-shouldered man, verging on his fiftieth year; but although his clean-shaven face should have made him look younger, the deep furrows on his brow and under the eyes combined with the plentiful sprinkling of gray amongst his crisp black hair to add at least ten years to his apparent age. His features were rugged, and suggested a hard, indomitable nature; whilst his quick, pale brown eyes indicated restlessness of spirit rather than energy. In

spite of this contradiction of his physiognomy, he gave the impression of being a man with whom one would not care to quarrel lightly.

"I am sorry, Corbet," he began, in a subdued voice, "that I spoke so hastily at our last meeting—all the more sorry, as your presence here to-day proves that my words made no impression on you. For my haste and anything unpleasant I may have said, you must find excuse in my anxiety about the future of my daughter, and in the fact that you have so seriously interfered with my plans for her welfare."

Corbet was as much confounded by the manner as the matter of this address. He had anticipated wrathful reproaches, and had prepared himself to meet them with a resolute refusal to abandon his hopes of yet convincing Mr. Edwards that Lizzie's happiness could not be secured by trying to separate her from the man she loved. But he was completely taken off his guard by the mild tone and the apology of the father.

"Certainly, your reasons for feeling annoyed are ample," he said, frankly; "and I trust that you will admit my reasons for declining to accept your decision as final are also good."

"From your present point of view, yes. When you are older, if you ever think of my position, you will acknowledge that in acting as I am doing, my conduct is prompted by a natural desire that my daughter in beginning life should have the advantage of my experience."

"Without waiting to be older, I acknowledge that you are actuated by the best of motives; but I can never acknowledge that you are right in taking Lizzie from me, unless you know something which justifies you in believing me unworthy of her."

"Then your idea is, that a perfectly inexperienced girl may decide for herself on the most important step in her life, without regard to the wishes or judgment of her parent?"

"That is rather a hard and fast way of putting it, Mr. Edwards. I certainly do not mean that your wishes or judgment should be disregarded; but, on your side, I think you are bound to consider her wishes. Now, tell me straight out, what is your objection to me?"

"One that you will not appreciate: you cannot give her the position I desire her to attain."

"And in order to give her the position which would gratify your own vanity, you would sacrifice her happiness!" exclaimed Corbet, passionately.

Mr. Edwards remained perfectly calm; indeed, he seemed to be sorry for the young man, and ready to make all due allowance for his excitement. "I do not think her happiness is at stake," he answered, quietly, without any reference to the charge against himself. "So far as you are concerned, I own that you have made a deep impression on her mind; but she is too young for that impression to be permanent. You also are in the same position; and one day you will both thank me for having interfered with this youthful fancy."

"Never! I think you do not know Lizzie, and I am sure that you do not know me."

"That may be; but I know myself; and unless you can give me more tangible evidence than mere assertions of ineradicable affection, and so forth, that the course I have chosen for my daughter will mar, not make, her future, I shall claim a parent's privilege to guide her, and, if necessary, to command her obedience."

"But you cannot command my obedience to your will; and as I know that she will be true to me, you will be obliged to submit in the end."

"You speak more like an audacious schoolboy than a man of common sense, Corbet; and in so doing, you are proving to me that my decision is the right one—

you are too impulsive to be a safe guardian for my daughter. She will obey me."

Corbet smarted under the words "audacious schoolboy," although they were uttered so calmly that they seemed to be meant rather as a kindly reproof than as an expression of contempt. He controlled the passion which was threatening to master him, and answered with firmness and some degree of composure: "If she does obey you, Mr. Edwards, it will be under the influence of your enforced authority; and I refuse beforehand to be bound by any constraint you may exercise upon her. I shall not release her from the pledge she has given to me until she herself asks me to do so."

"Very well; she shall ask you."

"But I shall have to be satisfied that she asks of her own free-will, and not under compulsion."

"I see that it is useless to attempt to reason with you, Corbet; and as you are resolved to ignore me in this business, I must adopt what measures may be in my power to prevent you from seeing or corresponding with her."

"You will fail."

"Well," answered Mr. Edwards, with a faint smile at this defiance, "it is said that love laughs at locksmiths; but it does not always prove strong enough to overthrow the sense of duty to which I mean to appeal. Good-bye; and I am sorry that you and I must cease to be even acquaintances."

"So be it," rejoined Corbet, in his strong, clear voice—"good-bye." He walked swiftly away, and Mr. Edwards, with both hands resting on the handle of his heavy staff, stood looking after him. There was no anger in the expression of his face, despite the young man's bold defiance of all that a father regards as his natural authority. Regret and doubt were the feelings which disturbed his mind—regret that he should have been obliged to quarrel with this impetuous and not

too civil young man, of whose abilities he had formed a high estimate; and doubt lest he should not be taking the best course to assure his daughter's happiness. Since he desired that above all things, why should he not surrender to the wishes of the lovers, and let them take their chance of finding out whether or not they had blundered in opposing his experienced counsel?

To his relief came the cynical reflection that if he did yield to them, Corbet would speedily discover how he had hampered himself by marrying at the threshold of his career; and she, perceiving how much more successful he might have been if he had been free, would be miserable. That must not be; and the place of this gloomy vision was taken by one of Lizzie as Lady Wigan of Foxmoor, lifted at once into a high place in the ranks of the aristocracy—for the baronetcy of Foxmoor was one of the oldest in England, and esteemed above any modern earldom. Lizzie was a girl of spirit, he felt sure, and would speedily come to appreciate the position his wealth had provided for her, while she would find in Sir Joshua a faithful and attached husband.

What nonsense for him to hesitate; he had decided aright, and he would not commit such an egregious act of folly as he would do if he were to thrust aside his own judgment and experience for a girl's fancy. He turned, and walked thoughtfully across the park. On entering the house he sent for Lizzie; and she found him in the library, standing with hands clasped behind him, gazing out at the window. He was so absorbed that he did not hear her approach, and she remained for a few moments timidly waiting for him to speak. At length: "Papa, you sent for me," she said, in her soft voice.

He started and wheeled around as if he had been frightened by something. His face was pale, and bore the expression of one who has been suddenly roused from a painful dream. The thought which was

torturing him took the form of a question iterated and reiterated by mysterious voices in his brain with a monotonous cadence that worried him and defied all his efforts to silence it. "*Am I in the right?* Or will this be another act of betrayal which will drive me to madness?"

These words were still ringing in his ears, when he spoke to her in a somewhat dazed fashion: "Yes, yes; I want to speak to you, Lizzie. Sit down. We must try to be very cool, for what I have to say will affect your whole life, and mine also. Come over to the sunshine." He pointed to a chair in the window recess, whilst he sank on one opposite, passing his hand over his eyes as if to clear away a mist. A bright sunbeam passed like a golden bar between them.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER A BAN.

"Do you think I have been kind to you, Lizzie?" the father asked by and by, and he had to make an effort to speak loud enough for her to hear, although they were so near each other.

"Yes, indeed, papa; you have been kind in everything." She paused—cheeks flushed, and anxiety in her eyes on his account as well as her own, for he seemed to be very ill.

"Except in one respect, and in it you regard me as acting cruelly," he said, completing the sentence for her. "Well, you are mistaken; for in that, too, I am trying to be kind, and wish to be so. I suppose you, Lizzie, like everybody else, think I am a most fortunate man—that the wealth which flows in upon me day by day, and the success which attends every speculation I enter upon, should make me a contented and a proud man?" His manner was so strange, that she was becoming more and more nervous about him, more and more eager to avoid saying anything which might add to the distress

he was so evidently afflicted with at this moment.

"Everybody says that you have been wondrously successful."

"Yes, I have made money," he said, bitterly, "and I have been miserable. I have worked, as some men drink, to stupefy myself—to obtain forgetfulness. Mother, sister, wife, children—all save you—were taken from me. Upon you I concentrated my last hopes of finding some consolation for the past suffering. I have watched over you as a man drowning watches the distant lifeboat, and whilst counting the seconds as hours, struggles with all his might to keep himself afloat until the rescuers reach him. I wanted to see you honored and admired, high among the noblest; I wanted to hear your name mentioned as that of one who used wealth wisely and well in relieving the people around you from the sordid cares of life. But you, too, fail me."

"I would do anything, father, that could afford you comfort; but I cannot think that you would wish me to sacrifice my peace of mind for a position I cannot endure the thought of occupying. Dear papa, I am not fit to play the part of a great lady. The thought of it frightens me; and besides, I could not—I cannot regard Sir Joshua as a woman should regard her husband."

"You can respect him, and that is enough. I have known some cases, and I have heard of so many more, in which girls, prompted by the sentimental idea of what is called love, have defied their parents, refused their counsel, and have quickly had bitter cause for repentance, that I want to guard you against this danger. Why, you cannot know what you talk about. You are too young, and are moved by your own imagination. Love only comes when we have sounded the depths of suffering."

"Have I not suffered something in knowing that I displease you?" she said, sadly.

"Are you then prepared to put me aside for this man you have known barely two years? Are you prepared to inflict any pain on me so that you may please him? Are you ready to learn what poverty is, for his sake?"

The questions were hard ones for the girl to answer. At the same instant the sense of duty told her that she should say "No," and love told her that she must say "Yes." She spoke quietly and truthfully, according to her feelings, "I think I could endure anything for his sake; but—O papa! I do not want to cause you pain."

"And yet you do it. No doubt you soothe your conscience with the thought that I am unjust to Corbet, and that—as he was bold enough to tell me—in barring your union I am seeking to gratify my own vanity, rather than to assure your welfare."

"No, no; I do not think that. I don't know what to think or say; I only know that I am very wretched." She wiped her eyes, but she could not suppress the sobs which were choking her.

He rose hastily and paced the floor, his right hand grasping the wrist of his left, as if to constrain the fierce throbbings of the pulse. That voice was again ringing its monotonous cadence in his brain, and the words were the same as before: "Am I right, or is this another act of betrayal?" Suddenly he halted, and, resting his hand tenderly on the girl's head, he said, huskily: "For the sake of a dead friend, I wanted to see you in high places, because I know it would have pleased him. Money is nothing to me now except to buy pleasure for you; and it seemed to me that I had discovered the best way of doing that when Sir Joshua asked me for you. I felt as if the great ambition of my life was attained. I was glad and proud, and believed that my work was accomplished. But I will not force you, however bitter the disappointment may be to me."

"O papa!" she interrupted, as she sprang up and flung her arms round his neck,

weeping for joy, "what relief you give me!"

He trembled slightly under her embrace; he had no doubt that this time he had given her pleasure. "I am glad of that, Lizzie. Now, will you do one thing for me, before we finally decide how to act?"

"Anything—anything you wish."

"Then will you try to think quietly over this matter for—say a fortnight, without seeing Corbet or writing to him, or reading a letter from him, and then tell me the result of your reflections?"

"I promise; and he will be glad to know you are so good and kind to me."

The bright look of joyful and affectionate gratitude with which she regarded him was surely compensation enough for the abandonment of his cherished scheme for her exaltation. After all, if carried out, it would apparently only have gratified himself, and perhaps his friend the baronet. He became entirely reconciled to the new order of things by the transformation in Lizzie during the fortnight in which she had agreed to forego all communication with her lover. The dull and half-frightened manner which had been growing daily more marked for nearly a year past disappeared. The sunshine was in her eyes and on her face again, and her father could hear her singing merrily with the birds in the early hours of the morning.

For one day, Lizzie had thought it strange that Corbet had made no attempt to communicate with her; but she was relieved of all uneasiness on that score when her father mentioned casually that he had been summoned to London in connection with some proposed new railway in South America. She was content to think that her lover had not written, as he would no doubt calculate that his letter would be intercepted. But although, having pledged herself to hold no communication with him for the brief period her father had fixed, she would not have read any letter she might have received, she could not

help at some moments feeling a little disappointed that he made no effort to send her some token that he was thinking about her. It seemed very strange that he should not have done so; and when the fortnight had passed, she became eager to have news of or from him. She told her father that she was still of the same mind as when they had last spoken of George Corbet.

"Very well, Lizzie," he said, patting her on the head. "You two have conquered. You can write to him, and say we will be pleased to see him whenever you like. But he has not returned from London yet."

The change in Mr. Edwards was as great as that in his daughter. He walked with a lighter step than formerly, and there was a sense of relief pervading his whole conduct. He spoke more softly than he had been accustomed to do; he was more forbearing toward the blunders of others than he had ever been known to be. Hope of peace had entered the man's heart, and he was glad because Lizzie was glad.

She wrote a short letter to Corbet, telling him that he would now be welcome at Riveling Hall, and asking him to come soon. But when another fortnight passed and there was still no sign from him, she was disturbed, although quite satisfied that, for some reason, he could not have received her letter. The father observed her agitation and comprehended the cause. "I understand this business in which Corbet is engaged is one of great importance to him," he said, reassuringly, "and he must be very much occupied in preparations for his journey. It may be, also, that as I spoke to him so decisively at our last meeting, he is waiting for me to speak. I shall call at his place to-day and ascertain when he is likely to be in Sheffield."

Mr. Edwards learned from Corbet's clerk that his master was making arrangements to close his office and was not expected to be in the town for more than one

day in order to wind up his affairs there. Mr. Edwards thereupon wrote to his prospective son-in-law, telling him that all objection to his suit was withdrawn and that Lizzie was waiting for him anxiously.

To this he received what was to him a very strange reply :

"MY DEAR SIR:—I am obliged by your letter. But since we spoke together I have come to the conclusion that you were perfectly right—your daughter will be much happier with the man you have chosen for her than she ever could be with me. I am unable to write to Miss Edwards to explain that I am leaving England and will probably not return for many years, when I hope to learn that she is happy, and has forgotten yours truly,

"GEORGE CORBET."

The chagrin with which this epistle inspired Mr. Edwards was mingled with a certain degree of cynical self-satisfaction. So, then, he had been right. This young fellow's passion for Lizzie had been prompted as much by the knowledge that she would inherit a large fortune as by her own attractions, and as soon as he saw his way to making a position for himself, he callously rejected the girl who had fought so devotedly, so desperately, for him. He was not worthy of her.

Edwards folded up the letter carefully, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in his pocket. But what was he to say to Lizzie?—how persuade her that she had made a lucky escape from a man who valued her only as a stepping-stone to fortune? She would not believe it, and again there would be pale cheeks and sad silence in the house.

Yet Edwards felt somehow that there was a false note in this extraordinary mis-
sive; there was a suggestion of something behind, when read in the full remembrance of that interview at the foot of the park. Corbet must have been moved by something more than a sudden convic-

tion that the father was perfectly right in opposing the match before he could have so completely belied the protestations he had then so boldly made, that no power save Lizzie's own request could induce him to abandon his suit.

Edwards decided to say nothing about the letter until he had seen Corbet and obtained a full explanation from him. His silence, however, did not avail much; for Lizzie's anxiety increased day by day, and he no longer heard her singing with the birds in the morning. He was distressed and perplexed. He began to consider whether or not it would be best to wait until he could see Corbet, or to show her the letter, and so get the worst over at once. But he hesitated when he looked at the piteous face, and noted the eager watchfulness for every post, followed by the shadow which fell upon her when there was still no letter from her lover. He determined to end this suspense one way or another. At breakfast he announced that he was going to London and would return on the following day. This was nothing extraordinary, for he had occasion to make frequent excursions to the metropolis on business. But this time his journey had special interest for Lizzie, and with flushed cheeks she inquired :

"Do you think you will see—Mr. Corbet?"

"Of course I shall see him," he answered, with affected gayety. "Have you any message for him?"

"I don't know. I should like him to tell me whether he has got my letter—I should like him to write," she said, with pensive confusion.

"I daresay he will write if he cannot come. I must say that he does not seem to be so eager to come, now that the door is open to him, as he seemed to be when it was closed. Perhaps that is only due to the contrariness of some natures."

This was spoken jocularly, but with a view to prepare her in some degree for

the result which he anticipated. She said nothing, but the shaft had struck home, and the question arose in her mind—had not her father prophesied truly, that this feeling they had believed would endure forever was—on one side, at any rate—only a fleeting passion or fancy, which faded whenever a new object was presented to the mind? Then she started away from what was to her a horrible thought—that George Corbet could be false.

"I am sure he will come when you tell him that he may do so," she said, with forced calmness, and bitterly conscious that she did not quite believe what she was saying—that she was only trying to defend the man who had said he loved her, and who had won her love.

The father understood and spoke hopefully; but in his heart he had a feeling of fierce resentment toward Corbet. He believed him to be false, and was angry at the thought that for such a fellow he had given up one of his most cherished projects. However, he telegraphed to him that he wished to see him at Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet Street, that evening at seven on important business. Seated in the train, Edwards tried to see through the maze, while to his fellow-passengers he appeared to be engaged with a newspaper. He had not one jot of regret on his own account that the match was to be broken off by Corbet, and that his daughter should learn what he regarded as a salutary although severe lesson. He would indeed have rejoiced if he had not been troubled by the fear that the shock might seriously injure her health, and that she, too, might be taken from him. He was also indignant that his approval, which had been so importunately sought, should be insultingly rejected when given. He had a right to know the meaning of the fellow's inexplicable conduct, and he would know it.

At the appointed hour Corbet presented himself in the private room engaged by

the great Sheffield merchant in the hotel. Evidently, he was not in a happy frame of mind any more than Lizzie, for he looked pale and worried. He bowed on his entrance, but did not offer his hand; and Edwards, who had extended his, instantly withdrew it, while he stared at his visitor with an expression of angry perplexity.

"Upon my soul, Corbet, your manner in meeting me is as peculiar and ungracious as your letter. What is the matter with you? Have you got entangled with anybody else, or are you guilty of some fraud which is about to be discovered?"

"Neither of your agreeable surmises, Mr. Edwards, is correct," rejoined Corbet, gravely.

"Then I cannot be wrong—anyway, I hope I am not—in supposing that you are sorry for the way in which you have befooled my daughter?"

"I am sorry for her," was the answer, and there was a nervous twitch of the lips, a slight tremor in the voice, which testified to the sincerity of his words.

"Then, perhaps, you will be good enough to explain this repudiation of your engagement to her—an engagement made against my will, and which only a few weeks ago you told me would hold good in defiance of my wishes and authority. I have come to London expressly to obtain this explanation, and I do not think you can refuse it, if you wish to be regarded as an honorable man."

Corbet looked, as he felt, decidedly uncomfortable, and he seemed to be unable to meet the stern gaze of Lizzie's father. He answered, in a low, mumbling way:

"I am sorry, but I cannot explain. You desired to break off our engagement, and now it is done, why are you not satisfied?"

"But you shall explain, I say. Has she done anything to justify this action of yours?"

"No; she has done nothing," replied Corbet, emphatically, and for the first

time he looked straight in the eyes of his interrogator.

"Then you must have done something which makes you feel unworthy of her. If that is so, I can respect the feeling; but you must yourself tell her why you break all the pledges you have given her."

"You are mistaken, sir; I have done nothing to forfeit my own or her respect."

"Then, as I am utterly unable to guess at the motives which have prompted you to adopt this course of deliberate insult to my daughter and myself, you are the more bound to help us to understand the position. You are perfectly aware that you are safe from an action for breach of promise; and you are also perfectly aware that I have had no desire for an alliance with you. But, as a mere matter of courtesy toward my daughter, I must insist on an explanation." He spoke with contemptuous indifference as to what the explanation might be, as if convinced beforehand that it must be some flimsy excuse to veil the fact that the man thought he could make a better bargain elsewhere.

"I have already said that I can give you no further explanation than that I believe you are right—my union with your daughter would not be a happy one."

"In that case," observed Edwards, more scornfully than before, "you must be prepared to hear yourself called a liar and a coward. A liar, because you deceived my poor child by pledges of fidelity which you did not mean to keep—or, at any rate, do not intend to keep now; and a coward, because you refuse to say why you offer her this unpardonable insult."

It was evident that Corbet felt keenly this forcible denunciation of his behavior, and that he had to make violent efforts to maintain self-control, for his cheeks tingled and his eyes flashed fiercely, while his hands were clenched, as if he were about to strike the speaker down. "For her sake I will allow you to say what you

have said without thrashing you, as I would have done any one else who had dared to utter one of the words you have used." He spoke rapidly and with much emotion. "You do not understand what it has cost me to come to the decision expressed in my letter to you. I have borne your taunts for Lizzie's sake, and that should be proof enough that my feelings toward her are unaltered—and they never will alter. But in her name, and on *your own* account, I ask you to be satisfied, and to seek no further explanation than I have given."

"But I am not satisfied; and I must take back to my child some information which will content her that this breach is made by you after full deliberation, and confirms the objection I raised when the affair first came to my knowledge."

"Will you look back twenty years or so, and then insist?" queried Corbet, pityingly.

Edwards lifted his heavy eyebrows quickly, but he replied with calmness, although there was an uneasy under-current evinced by the searching gaze which he fixed on Corbet: "I am puzzled by your request, but I still insist."

"Then, if you will have it, blame yourself. The reason why I can neither marry Lizzie nor explain to her is summed up in the name of a man—Jack Wolton."

Edwards's face became like stone and his lips were parched.

"Well?" he queried, stolidly.

"He was my brother," answered Corbet, passionately; "and you are Ned Alt carr."

CHAPTER IV.

ATONEMENT.

To be suddenly stricken to the earth when one feels firm of foot and sure of the way he is going, is a calamity which none would survive but for the merciful

stupefaction that accompanies the blow. Edwards, assured of his wealth, full of cynical satisfaction at what he imagined proved that his objections to Corbet had been just, had spoken to him with the authority of a man who had been wronged and had the power to resent the wrong. Now, half a dozen words had brought him down from his high pedestal; and he felt like the guilty man who, having accepted trial by combat, finds himself prostrate with his antagonist's sword-point at his throat. It was by no force of will that he did not wince or tremble or remove his stolid gaze from the flushed face of the man to whom he had spoken so contemptuously. He was for the moment numbed in mind and body, and he stared at the speaker as if under the spell of some horrible fascination. At length he found voice, and although it sounded somewhat hollow, it was distinct. He did not attempt to deny his identity. "I knew Wolton many years ago. We were friends—close friends; but you cannot be his brother. You are too young, and you do not bear his name."

"And you are not generally known as Alt carr. You have forced this explanation from me; but I do not wish to worry you more than is unavoidable, although what you did years ago, and the manner in which you have treated me now, would excuse anything I could say. The thought of your daughter is your shield."

"You are most kind; but I am not aware of any necessity for your consideration."

"I will answer your questions first and you can afterward measure my forbearance by your own conscience. Jack was the eldest of a numerous family, and I the youngest. After his death my mother decided that to protect us from the shame attaching to the memory of it, our name should be changed to that which was hers before her marriage. I was too young at the time of poor Jack's misfortune to be told, or to understand if I had been told,

anything of the affair. My mother kept silence, and I grew up ignorant that my name had ever been other than Corbet, and ignorant that my brother had been executed for murder."

"I do not see how all this affects me or my daughter," commented Edwards, mechanically, his position unchanged. He wanted to learn how much the man knew of the past, while he felt that the last hope of attaining peace of mind was being dragged away from him.

"Look at this, then, and read it if you can. If you cannot, I will do it for you; and when you have heard it, say if Jack Wolton's brother can marry your daughter. Poor Lizzie! poor Lizzie! I do wish there were any way of sparing you." The last words were spoken to himself, as he took from his pocket a faded sheet of notepaper and placed it on the table before Edwards. The latter looked down at it but did not touch the paper.

"Can you read it?" continued Corbet. "My mother only showed it to me when I came to London a few weeks ago, and told her that I was to marry the daughter of Richard Edwards, of Sheffield, without her father's consent. She tried first to dissuade me on the ground that it was wrong to oppose your will. Finding that argument failed, she told me the whole sad story, and gave me proofs, through one of your Leeds friends, that Richard Edwards was the name Ned Alt carr assumed when he settled in Sheffield. Read this letter, and then say whether I am to explain personally to your daughter why I cannot make her my wife; or will you accept the sacrifice I am prepared to make in allowing her to think me faithless, rather than that she should know her father's fortune was made out of the money he received for delivering up my brother—his friend—to the hangman?"

Edwards did not reply, and he tried to avoid the letter which lay on the table before him in the full glare of the gas, for he fancied that he would see, not writing,

but Jack Wolton's face! A kind of mesmerism attraction overcame his will, and he looked. The penmanship was well known to him; and whilst his eyes were riveted on the paper, he did not seem to read, but to hear his old friend's voice speaking the words.

The letter had been written in the condemned cell and there was a manly resignation in the tone of its contents. First, there were expressions of regret for the shame and sorrow his fate would entail upon mother, brothers, and sisters; then the assurance that he was content—nay, glad, that the end was so near. He had suffered so much torture of mind during the days and nights he was hiding from the police, that his arrest was a relief to him. Next came the words, which stood out from the rest like letters of fire to the eyes of the man who was now looking at them: "Don't blame poor Ned Alt carr. He was in sore straits; and he did try hard to warn me of my danger, and I would not heed him. He was in a state of actual starvation, and the temptation of such a big sum as they offered for me was too much for him. Poor chap! I hope the money will bring him luck. I bear him no grudge; but rather think he has done me a service, for I could not have lived, haunted by the face of that dead man, scoundrel though he was. Ned does not know that I saw him lurking behind a bush in the garden as the constables took me away; but I did, and understood who had brought them upon me. Leave him to think that I died in ignorance as to who earned the blood-money."

Edwards was cold and hot by turns; but the words, "I bear him no grudge—he has done me a service," sounded like a loud pean of joy in his ears. He was forgiven—he was pitied, excused, and almost thanked! Jack had been glad to escape from the torments of remorse; and Jack had been right; for Ned Alt carr had learned during the last twenty years that "riches fineness are poor as winter"

to one whose conscience is not clear. He would give the whole world to be back again in the poverty-stricken cottage; to have all the horrors of starvation to endure, and all the agony of seeing his mother perish for lack of the necessities which she required, if he could only feel that his hands had never touched blood-money!

The fiends had mocked him with riches, piled them upon him until he was surfeited; but his mother had not been saved; his sister had not been spared, and he had found no pleasure in anything. His touch withered everything that might have given him gladness, and only the cursed gold came dancing into his coffers, laughing and jeering at his misery.

But Jack had forgiven him, and in that thought he experienced the first thrill of joy he had known since the horrible night on which he betrayed his friend. And now, what was to be the next step? Was he to accept the sacrifice Jack's brother was willing to make on Lizzie's account, or was he to absolve Corbet from all blame by telling her the truth? It might be some atonement, but it was hard to make. He had believed that his secret was safe in the archives of the police, and he had hoped that she at any rate might never know it. The question thrust itself upon him: "In which way will she suffer least? Will she find least pain in the revelation of what I wanted to hide from her, and have so striven to hide, or in believing her lover false?"

He clutched at a straw in his despairing eagerness to keep his present place in her thoughts. There was a possibility that Corbet might be only taking advantage of this discovery in order to break off the engagement for some other reason. But the straw was instantly cast away, and he spoke gloomily: "You say that your feelings toward me—toward Lizzie are unchanged?—that but for this letter, you would still have married her in spite of me?"

"Yes," was the low and earnest answer. "I have changed in no way toward her, and what I am willing to let her think of me, should satisfy you on that score."

Edwards walked across the room. His tongue and lips were parched and he could not speak. He took a glass of water and again confronted his visitor. "Perhaps I can help you out of the difficulty," he said, hoarsely, "and spare Lizzie the bitterness of thinking that you had jilted her."

"It is impossible," rejoined Corbet, regretfully.

"You see that your brother forgave Ned Altcar, and thought he had done him a service."

"That cannot matter to me: the knowledge that she is your daughter must part us. She herself would be the first to say so."

"She need not know." This was uttered questioningly; and the speaker's brows were knit as if with pain whilst he watched the effect upon the hearer.

"Enough. I cannot discuss this matter further. I leave you to decide for yourself whether she is to blame me for what I have done, or to learn to forgive me through your confession. Good-night."

He was going; but Edwards motioned him to stay, and presently found voice again. His words came slowly, as if each one gave a separate wrench at the man's heart. "If you are honest in saying that there is only the one cause for your desertion of Lizzie, I can remove it. She is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter!" ejaculated Corbet, astounded, and for a moment experiencing a thrill of relief. But the feeling was only momentary. As he looked at Edwards, and noted the painful quiverings of his pallid features, he doubted the truth of the assertion, while he pitied the father who made this desperate move in order to secure his child's happiness.

"I see you doubt me," Edwards proceeded, more calmly than he had last spoken, "and I am not surprised. But if

your mother has told you everything, she has told you about the cause of Jack's misfortune."

"Yes; it was the falsehood of Percy Arnold to the woman Jack loved."

"True; and that woman was the mother of Lizzie. Sit down and I will explain."

Corbet obeyed, but Edwards remained standing. He seemed loath to begin the promised explanation, and once more moved gloomily from one end of the room to the other.

"I did not think it would ever become necessary to make this statement," he said; "but as I believe Jack would have wished me to make it if he could have been here, I submit. Ever since that night, I have attempted to do whatever it seemed to me he would have liked to have done. My first step was to find Lizzie Holroyd; and after a time I discovered her in Harrogate, in a state of poverty such as I had known. Her father had refused all help, and the Arnolds would do nothing but heap scorn upon her, as the cause of Percy Arnold's death. They were a callous lot, and had no pity for the poor girl whose life had been spoiled by their son. I saw to her comfort; and when she died, I had the infant Lizzie brought up as my own child. All this was done because Jack would have wished it; and in so doing, I hoped in some measure to atone for my—well, let me say it out—my treachery." He clenched his lips and hands, staring before him into space. He was looking back, and all the scenes at which he only hinted in his words were passing before his mind's eye with agonizing vividness.

Corbet listened in wondering silence, and with rapidly increasing faith in the truth of what he heard.

Edwards roused himself, and continued:

"I wanted the child to grow into a woman accomplished, talented, and beautiful. She has fulfilled these hopes; and more than that—she, believing in our relationship, has been fond of me, and com-

pensated for the loss of my own children. She has been dutiful in every respect except in regard to you. I had vicious thoughts of raising her by my wealth to a position in which her success would humiliate the Arnolds, and make them regret the cruelty with which they had treated her mother. You spoiled that idea. But I desired most of all that she should be happy, and living in ignorance of the past, still regard me with affection. I prayed that this might be granted to me—that she would remember me kindly when I had gone away.”

Corbet was moved by something more than pity now. He felt sorry for the man whose life had been outwardly a brilliant success, and in reality a bitter failure in all that makes life precious. He had no longer the faintest doubt that Edwards had spoken the truth, and he responded with some emotion:

“I am glad you have made me your confidant, and Lizzie shall be happy if it is in my power to make her so. This will be the one secret I shall keep from her—that you are not her father, and that includes everything you wish to be buried in the past. But—neither she nor I will ever touch one farthing of your fortune.”

“So be it,” said Edwards, sitting down exhausted and satisfied.

* * * *

People wondered at the hasty marriage at Riveling Hall of the great heiress to the young engineer. They wondered still more when the newly united couple started immediately for South America, not on a mere honeymoon jaunt, but for a sojourn of several years. Of course, the newspapers duly announced that George Corbet, C. E., had obtained an appointment of great importance in connection with various railway and canal projects. In their absence, the wonder was directed to the father of the bride. His conduct was so strange that people began to suspect that the lucky Edwards had taken to excess in liquor, or had lost his wits in

some other way. It soon became known that he was losing money even faster than he had gained it, in rash speculations on the Stock Exchange, whilst he was giving away larger sums than ever to charities and hospitals. The final proof of his insanity was seen in the announcement of the sale of all his property in order to satisfy his creditors. The creditors were paid; and a sufficient surplus was left to give Edwards a small annuity and a cottage in which to end his days. There were not wanting sneers from those who had envied him in his days of triumph, and who declared that they had always said as he went up like a rocket, he would come down like the stick.

But Ned Altcar in his cottage was again at peace; and on the return of Lizzie and her husband with their two children, he welcomed them to his humble home with a smile full of such pleasure as the daughter had never seen on his face before. Corbet kept his promise; and his wife never knew her supposed father's secret, or the way in which he had brought her lover back.

MANUFACTURE OF POSTAL CARDS.—C. C. Woolworth, of Albany, head of the concern that makes postal cards for the Government, says that at the factory in Castleton, Pa., they manufacture between two and three tons a day the year round. The largest order they ever filled for one city was four million cards, or about twelve tons of paper, for this city. We use here about six million cards a month. Chicago comes next, with about three million cards in the same period. There are four hundred and fifty million postal cards manufactured annually. Two-cent postage did not lessen the use of postal cards, but checked the growth of their use for some little time. The check has been overcome, and the public are using more and more postal cards every day.—*New York Sun.*

THREE YOUNG WIVES.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

"HERBERT!" The young man started to his feet.

There was a stern expression on Mr. Allen's face.

For a few moments the father and son stood regarding each other intently.

"Sit down. I have something to say to you." Mr. Allen's tone and manner were severe.

Herbert dropped back into the chair from which he had arisen.

"Is it true that you and Heber Vivian have been seen at the Grant House playing billiards? I want no prevarication!"

"Yes; it is true," the young man replied, endeavoring to control his voice. He had lifted his eyes to his father's face, and was gazing at him steadily, almost defiantly.

"And you dare to look me in the face and say so!"

"I dare always to speak the truth, sir." Herbert drew himself up a little proudly.

The face of Mr. Allen grew colorless as ashes, and stern as that of some grim statue.

"I lay my commands upon you!"

"I will obey them if I can," was the firmly spoken reply.

"I will have no 'ifs.'"

"What are your commands?"

The calm self-poise of the son was in strong contrast with the father's repressed but visible passion.

"That you are never to be seen again at a billiard-table!"

"I will promise on one condition."

"I make no conditions."

"Then I cannot promise."

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" The anger of the man was now

sending the blood back to his ashen face.

"I am speaking to my father, whom I have always tried to honor and obey. But now that I am a man, is it not right that he should give a reason when he requires my obedience?"

The color which had been flushing Mr. Allen's face went out of it again.

"Give a reason!"—his voice seemed to choke him—"give a reason why my son should not go in the ways that lead to death and hell!"

Herbert Allen had never before set himself resolutely against his father. That a conflict must come, sooner or later, he knew, and as both were strong-willed, he naturally feared the issue. He found himself, now that it had been forced upon him, less disturbed and more self-possessed than he had ever hoped to be.

"No, father," he replied, speaking calmly and respectfully. "It is not that. You ask me to promise that I will never again be seen at a billiard-table. This I am ready to do, but only on one condition. You must give me a reason which I can understand why it is wrong to play the game. If you cannot, much as it will pain me to offend my father, I shall not be free to give the promise."

"Not wrong to drink and gamble!" Mr. Allen was yet far from being as clear in sight and as much under the government of reason as his son.

"I have never done either."

"You have taken the first step; and the second and third will be easier than the first."

"No, I have not taken the first step, father, and never mean to take it. I understand why drinking and gambling are wrong and sinful, but cannot see any more

sin in a game of billiards played for recreation and enjoyment alone than in a game of croquet."

"There's a great difference, Herbert," said Mr. Allen, forced by the very attitude of his son to come down from his old place of authority. "There are no evil enticements on the croquet-ground, but the billiard-saloon is full of them. It is one of the devil's traps—one of his open doors."

"His traps and doors are everywhere. We need not go into a billiard-room to find them."

"O Herbert!" The hardness of Mr. Allen's face was leaving it, and a look of distress taking its place. "Why will you turn away from the path of safety. From the billiard-table to the bar-room is but a single step. You cannot touch pitch without defilement."

"I don't mean to touch it, father."

"But it will touch you."

"Not unless I consent to the contact."

"Herbert! Herbert! You distress me beyond measure!"

"I am sorry to have given you pain. But you are troubled without cause. I have seen enough and heard enough in my few visits to the Grant House to give me a strong disrelish for the company usually to be found there. If there was a billiard-table anywhere else in town and away from any bar-room, nothing would induce me to go inside of a tavern."

"Billiards! O Herbert! It will be cards next! Has Satan desired thee, that he might sift thee as wheat?"

"I have no doubt but that Satan will get possession of me if he can," the son replied, scarcely able to keep a dash of levity out of his voice; "but if I never do anything worse than playing an innocent game with balls or cards, he'll find it hard work to establish a clear title."

"O my son! What do you mean? You are trifling with solemn and momentous things."

"I can never do that, father." The easy

self-possession of the one and the constraint and disturbance of the other were in singular contrast.

"But you are doing it!"

"Tell me in what?"

Herbert drew himself up with a firmer bearing, and with the manner of one who had been unjustly accused. His clear, steady eyes did not fail for an instant under the gaze that was fixed upon him.

"Have you been playing at cards as well?"

"I have."

With a groan the father sank back in his chair, covering his face with his hands. The resolute air of his son, now for the first time asserting his right to think and determine for himself, had surprised and confounded Mr. Allen. Stepping beyond the sphere of authority, Herbert had turned upon him, refusing obedience to anything but reason.

"You have no cause for being greatly troubled about me, father," said the young man, in softer and gentler tones. "I visit in families where cards are considered innocent, and where young and old, whose lives are blameless, play without thought of evil. And let me say, for it is the truth, that I have heard more evil speaking and more defamation of character at an evening sociable among some of our so-called pious people than I ever heard at a card party."

Mr. Allen did not move, except to sink lower in his chair, as one unable to bear up under a heavy, crushing weight. That a day like this should ever come to him was something which had not entered his imagination. He was dumb, for what answer could he make? If not able to speak to the young man's reason, it were vain to speak at all. The rod of authority had dropped, broken, from his hand, and could never, he felt, be restored. No wonder that he sat crouching and silent.

For some moments Herbert stood waiting for a reply. But the bending form before him did not lift itself, nor the

shut lips unclosed. He made a movement to leave the room. Still the figure did not stir. He crossed to the door, drew it open, looked back. There was no sign. Then he went out, leaving his father alone.

"Herbert." It was the voice of his mother. How tender the tone! How full of grief and pain! He turned from the door which he had drawn partly open and stood looking at her until she came and laid her hands upon him.

"My son! My dear son!" Her voice shook; her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Has father told you?" the young man asked.

"I knew all about it. But don't go away in anger."

"I am not angry, mother." He placed both hands upon her shoulders and gazed lovingly into her face.

"Then don't go away, my son, I want to see you." Mrs. Allen drew him back from the door. He was gentle and passive, going with her to her chamber.

"What did your father say?" It was plain that Mrs. Allen was more troubled about the effect of her husband's stern and harsh attitude toward her son than about anything else.

"He laid his commands upon me, but I told him that the time had come when I could no longer obey a simple command."

"O my son!" There was a frightened look in the mother's face. "You surely did not set yourself against your father?"

"No. I treated him with all due respect, but said that as I was now a man I must be under the government of reason as well as of authority, and have some liberty in determining questions of right and wrong. He was confounded at first by this new attitude toward him, but I was able to keep so calm and self-possessed that there was nothing for his anger to break against, and so it gradually died away. There is not going to be any serious trouble between us, I think. If there is, mother, it will be his fault and not mine."

"But you're not going to the Grant House again, my son! It's the open door to destruction! I shall never have a moment's ease of mind if I know that you visit that place."

"You needn't be in the least afraid for me, mother. I have no taste for the company that is usually found there. Heber Vivian and I have been in the billiard-room a few times, that is all. We had our games and then left the place without even looking into the bar. I told father that if he'd show me why billiards were sinful and croquet innocent, I'd never play another game as long as I lived."

"What did he say?"

"Oh! he talked about drinking and gambling, the open door to hell, the devil's traps, and all that, but he didn't meet the question."

"But you know, my son, as well as your father does, that the billiard-saloon and the bar-room *are* the open doors through which hundreds and thousands enter and find them indeed the gates that lead to death and hell."

"The bar-room is such a door. But the billiard-saloon might be made as free from danger as the croquet-lawn or the cricket-ground. Do you suppose that if there had been a billiard-table anywhere else in Westbrook than at a tavern, I would ever have been seen in the saloon at the Grant House? No, mother, nothing would have tempted me to go there. I do not care for liquor, and I have no taste for the kind of company usually to be found in taverns and bar-rooms. If we had a table over at the Hall—"

"Herbert!" Surprise mingled with the rebuke that fell into Mrs. Allen's voice.

"Don't look so horrified, mother! We have chess and checkers and backgammon there already, and they have kept many a young man who didn't care particularly for reading or praying away from the taverns. Give us a billiard-table, and more will be kept away, our minister's son and your son among the rest."

"Herbert! Herbert! I am distressed to hear you talk so."

"If in a simple game of billiards, mother, there is no more harm than in a game of chess—both are games of skill and innocent if innocently played—why have one in our Hall and not the other? If a billiard-room somewhere in the Hall would keep young men in the evening away from the tavern and its bad associations, would it not be a blessing to many?"

"I can't argue about it, my son. But the thing is out of the question."

"I'm afraid that it is, and so much the worse for many young men in Westbrook who might be saved from ruin if the managers of our Young Men's Christian Association were something wiser than they are, and tried to help them by what was in them. If some will not be drawn within its circle of safety by the reading-room, the prayer-meeting, or the lecture, then attract them by all kinds of innocent games and amusement. Give them billiards and tenpins, if these are what they want, and at the same time surround them with good influences. When the games are over, there will be the library and reading-room for them to drift into instead of the bar-room. Ah mother! It is all clear enough to me."

"It will never be clear to your father, nor to any of the managers of the Association."

"I suppose not; more's the pity! If souls won't consent to be saved in their patent way, why, then, they must go to the—"

"My son!" With a swift movement Mrs. Allen laid her hand across Herbert's lips. "This is profane and irreverent! I cannot hear you speak lightly of sacred things."

"Forgive me, mother. But I feel so strongly about this matter that my speech betrays me," he replied. There was silence for a little while. Then the young man said, in a more repressed and serious voice, "In mere lightness of speech sacred things

suffer far less than in many other ways. Levity is not always profanity, nor are things always sacred that are called so."

"Yes, yes, Herbert, dear, it may all be so, but it hurts me to hear you talk in this way. And now, won't you promise me one thing?" There was a pleading expression in Mrs. Allen's eyes.

"What is it, mother?"

"That you will never be seen in the Grant House billiard-saloon again."

The color went out of the young man's face.

"For your mother's sake, Herbert."

The promise trembled on the young man's lips, for he loved his mother.

"Promise, dear!"

"On one condition."

"What?" with eagerness.

"That we have a billiard-table in the Hall."

And now the light and color faded from Mrs. Allen's face, while her head sunk forward on her breast. Her son sat down and drew his arm about her.

"Dear mother!" he said, as he kissed her, "don't be so troubled about me. I am in no danger."

"Not in any danger! and your feet already across the threshold that leads to destruction! O Herbert! my son! my son! That I should have lived to see this day!"

And the mother bore herself back until the arm that was about her fell away.

"And you will not promise me?"

"I cannot, mother, except on the condition I have named." There was a firmer and more resolute quality in the young man's voice. "As for the bar-room at the Grant House, and the bad associations to be found there, I will promise anything you ask. I will neither drink nor gamble nor mix with the company to be found there, and just as soon as I can find a billiard-table separate from a bar-room, I will shun the place as though it were a pest-house."

"Is it any the less a pest-house now, Herbert?"

"No; but I wear an amulet that guards me against infection."

"Too confident, my son!—too confident altogether! No one is safe who ventures over upon an enemy's ground. Allurement and enervation are in the very atmosphere. Invisible spiders weave their invisible threads about foolish intruders, and bind them hand and foot ere they have a warning of danger."

Herbert did not reply immediately, for he felt the force of his mother's appeal. A thought of his intimate friend, Heber Vivian, crossed his mind, and with it came a feeling that for Heber the billiard-saloon of the Grant House might not be a very safe place. The son of the minister was weaker and more easily influenced. He had noticed more than once his relish for the coarse and vulgar humor which often sets the company in a roar, and with which he was himself oftener disgusted than amused. And he had also noticed that Heber was inclined to linger in the billiard-room after they had finished their games in order to watch the other players. As this impressed itself more strongly upon his mind there grew within him a rising heat of indignation, and he said with considerable warmth of manner:

"Then why, in the name of reason, and for the safety of the weak, do we not bring over from the enemy's grounds every harmless attraction by which he allures the innocent and the unwary? If he entices by billiards, that he may corrupt and destroy, let us have billiards that we may help and save. If he can draw by ten-pins, then let us have a bowling alley. If he makes out of harmless things the agents of vice and iniquity, let us use the same things as ministers of good. As he is cunning and shrewd for evil, let us be wise and prudent for good."

The door of the chamber was pushed slowly open, and Mr. Allen came in. There was a slight motion of surprise on

seeing his son, but as he did not speak, Herbert turned from his mother and passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HAVE you seen Mr. Allen?" asked Judge Glendenning, as he took the minister's hand.

"Yes."

"Will he be here?"

"I think not."

"I'm sorry. What's the matter? Why won't he come?"

"He's a peculiar man, you know."

"Yes, I'm aware of that—peculiarly narrow and bigoted and—and—I might as well say what I think—self-righteous. Too saintly to fraternize with an old sinner like me, and too wise to profit by anything I might say." The Judge betrayed some annoyance.

"No, Judge Glendenning," replied the minister, "it is not that. But he regards this affair as one that concerns himself alone, and as one that he is entirely competent to deal with."

"Not, perhaps, as competent as he imagines. Very well, let him deal with it after his own peculiar fashion, and see how it will come out. Have you said anything to your son about what I told you this morning?"

"Not yet."

"Has your mind reached any clear decision in regard to this matter?"

A troubled expression crossed Mr. Vivian's face as he replied:

"No, Judge Glendenning, I am free to confess that it has not. And I am the more anxious about my son because all observations and experience tell me that when the feet of our children once turn aside into the ways of the world, its pleasures, its vices, and its fashions so captivate their senses and obscure their higher perceptions that it is almost impossible ever to get them back again into the sphere of the Church or to interest them in spiritual

things. If we lose them once, we are almost sure to lose them forever."

"A very serious consideration indeed, sir," replied the Judge, "and one that it seems to me should long ago have led you church people into the adoption of some new and better methods for keeping your children from drifting out into the world than have yet been found."

"What can we do more than we are doing?" asked the minister. "We give them precept and example, and bear them ever in our prayers to God."

"I mean no irreverence, Mr. Vivian," replied the Judge, "when I say that I don't regard your prayers as of much account here—at least, not while you neglect the means by which you might keep your children within the better influences and safer guardianship of the Church. You pray, it seems to me, very much like the wagoner in the old fable, expecting the Lord to do everything while you do nothing—at least nothing in a sensible way."

There was so much of courtesy in the bearing of Judge Glendenning, and so much good-will apparent in his manner, that his plain speaking did not give the offense it might otherwise have done.

The Judge continued, smiling, yet with a grave earnestness of manner that held his auditor's respectful attention.

"I have a fair chance at you now, Mr. Vivian, and I mean to have a plain talk. Of course, I'm an old sinner and will doubtless get my deserts with the rest, but if the devil counts me in as altogether on his side, he has made as great a mistake as some of you pious people."

"It hurts me, sir, to hear you speak in such apparent levity on a subject like this," said the minister.

"I am not speaking with levity, Mr. Vivian," answered the Judge. "I only use plain language, in order to make a plain issue. Because such men as I do not join the Church, sing psalms, lead in prayer-meetings, and talk pious cant, and because we do enjoy ourselves in the

world, play at cards, go to a ball or the theatre when we can get a chance, and even swear a little sometimes, why, forsooth, we're the devil's children all! We may be good and honest citizens, faithful in our work and office, kind, charitable, and zealous for the public weal; but all goes for nothing in your eyes. We are under the curse of God, and they who claim to be His children draw away from us as if we were smitten with a moral leprosy."

"Drinking, swearing, and gambling are sins and offenses to God," said Mr. Vivian. "The Church condemns them, and they who are of the Church must separate themselves from all who are guilty of such wickedness."

"Are not hypocrisy, envy, covetousness, evil speaking, and false witness likewise sins, and even more offensive to God?" asked the Judge.

"No one will deny that they are," replied Mr. Vivian.

"Is the Church free from them? Nay, are they not eating out its very life? Your standard of excellence is very high, Mr. Vivian, and your doctrines very pure. I see and admire them both and I reverence the divine Founder of Christianity. Our standard—that of the world, as you call it—is far below yours; and yet in my official relation to society and in my intercourse with men and women, I do not find, except in rare cases, that Christians, as they call themselves, are any more honest in their transactions, any kinder-hearted, or any more charitable in their feelings than other people. The greed of gain is with them all, and I find one about as ready to get an unfair advantage in trade as the other."

"The existence of one evil does not justify another," answered the minister. "All this the Church condemns."

"But should the Church be less charitable toward those who are on the outside than it is toward those who are within its walls? Does light and knowledge make

sin less heinous? Are cheating and lying venal for a professor of religion, and damning for a non-professor?"

"No one pretends that they are. They who sin against light and knowledge have the greater condemnation. And here let me remark, Judge, that I cannot admit the truth of what you say about church members being as greedy of gain and as ready to take an unfair advantage in trade as other people. I know many Christian men who are scrupulously honest in all their dealings."

"And I know many non-professors—men who rarely enter a church door—who are just as scrupulously honest, Mr. Vivian. And here let me make a point that is in my thought. Which do you hold to be the greater sin, a social game of cards or a social game of detraction?"

"Both are wrong."

"The game of cards may be an innocent pastime, but the game of detraction never," said the Judge. "I make the point in order to bring into contrast the motives from which we act, and I hold that it is the motive which makes an act good or evil. If I play at cards for recreation, the game is innocent; if I play to win my neighbor's money, I make it sinful. The two acts are the same externally, but how different their internal quality."

"What about drinking and swearing?"

The Judge shrugged his shoulders. "I make no excuse for either. They are bad habits."

"Then why indulge them?"

"Why indulge in any bad habits? We fall into them, and are carried along in an easy, pleasant way, until we find ourselves in a current that is hard to resist."

"But some hurt worse than others. Drinking will bring disease to the body and ruin to the soul; and swearing is an offense against God which He will surely punish."

"Is profanity in the pulpit less offensive to God than profanity on the street or in a bar-room? and will He punish the

one less severely than the other? Is the command, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, meant to apply only to wicked outsiders, or is it binding alike on the pious and on the profane? Excuse me, Mr. Vivian, but, man of the world as I am, and a little apt to say 'Damn it!' if things go suddenly wrong, I have been shocked many times at the light and familiar way in which the name of God is uttered by religious people, and especially by preachers, both in and out of the pulpit. I can make some excuse for a man who rips out an oath when under the excitement of passion; but when I hear a minister, standing in the pulpit, exclaim, 'By the living and eternal God!' I count it a deliberate profanity."

"I make no excuse for such things," replied the clergyman. "But may not the same rule apply here that you applied to card-playing just now? If the preacher did not mean any irreverence for God, if he were only moved by excess of zeal in his work of saving souls, may not his use of God's name be innocent, while sin lies at the door of the common swearer?"

"Sins against light and knowledge are ever the most grievous," returned Judge Glendenning. "And of all men, Christian ministers claim to be in possession of the highest knowledge and the clearest enlightenment in regard to spiritual and divine things. They have on this account, it seems to me, the greater responsibility. But enough of this for the present. My wish is that we might get closer together than we have been; that we might find some common ground upon which to stand—some ground of honest conviction and of clearer defined principles of right and wrong."

"Is there any broader or safer ground on which to stand than Christianity, Judge Glendenning?"

"I think not; that is, if I understand what Christianity is."

"What do you understand it to be?"

Judge Glendenning did not answer

immediately, and not until Mr. Vivian had repeated his question. Then he replied:

"I suppose that Christ knew; and that when He uttered that remarkable sentence—'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' He meant just what He said. If there is any broader ground on which to stand, I do not know of it."

"There is none," said Mr. Vivian.

"Shall you and I stand together on that ground?" asked the Judge. He spoke with a quiet deliberation of manner, his eyes resting steadily upon the minister's face.

The surprise of Mr. Vivian was very great. He could scarcely believe that he had heard aright—the Judge proposing to stand side by side with him on a doctrine of the Church so pure and high that its literal observance was held to most professing Christians to be almost an impossibility! Could the Judge be really in earnest?

"If we may. If we can." There was doubt and hesitation in the clergyman's voice.

"And why may we not, Mr. Vivian?"

"Too few are given the grace to live by that sublime precept. Without the help of God, without a change of heart, it is impossible."

"Is not a man free? May he not do good or evil as he will?"

"All man's works, when done of himself, are evil," said the minister.

"If you had said when done for himself alone and in utter disregard of his neighbor, I might agree with you. But if I, seeing the best of our young men in danger of being led astray through the enticements of the Grant House bar-room, set myself to the task of drawing them away from that 'open door to hell,' as you call it, in order to save them, would you call my work an evil work? If I had a son, and you saw him in some great peril, what would I have you do?—stand idle

and indifferent, or make an effort to rescue him? As I would have you do by my son, so am I ready to do by your son—grace or no grace—and not by your son only, but by the sons of all my neighbors."

The whole manner of Judge Glendenning underwent a change as he uttered these last sentences—a change that gave Mr. Vivian a new impression of his character.

"Since I saw you this morning," he continued, "some things have come to my knowledge that trouble me. I met a lady in the street last night—she belongs to your church, I think—Mrs. Wilder. She said a few plain words which I was not able to forget. To-day she called to see me and said some other things that were plainer still and harder to forget."

"She is a little given to plain speaking," said the clergyman, "and—and somewhat erratic and loose in her notions. But she's a good and useful woman—no one will deny that—but apt to disturb things. I'm a little afraid of her."

"I wish you had a dozen more like her in your church. There'd be a healthy stir in its stagnant waters," the Judge replied. "But that is your affair, not mine."

"What did she say to you?" asked Mr. Vivian.

"She charged me with being responsible for the intemperance of some of our young men."

"Indeed! That was a serious charge. How did you meet it?"

"I laughed at first; but before she was through with me I could have cried. Not so much for anything that I had done, as for the sorrow and heartache she so vividly described—the sorrow and heartache of many wives and mothers in Westbrook. I ought to have known how it was, and I did know in a general way. But Mrs. Wilder seemed to draw a veil from before my eyes, so that I could see with a clearer vision."

"Drink is doing a sad work here as

everywhere else. It is the curse of curses," returned Mr. Vivian.

"Perhaps it is. Mrs. Wilder called it the devil's work."

"With certainty it is not God's work, for that saves, but drink destroys."

"What shall we do about it?" asked the Judge.

"Close every bar-room in Westbrook. There is no other sure remedy. Cut off the fiery stream. The people can do it if they will."

"But if they will not, what then? Shall we do all that in us lies to keep our young men away from taverns and bar-rooms, or leave them to their chances?"

"God forbid that we should leave them to any evil chances!" exclaimed the minister.

"Unless we take the matter in hand, and let reason and common sense determine our actions, His forbiddings will be of little account," said the Judge. "I mean no irreverence, and you must not be offended, nor think I make light of sacred things. If I want to catch fish, what do I do? Select a bait at which I know, from experience, the fish will not bite? Or, if I use the proper bait, do I cast my hook upon the land? No; I consult the taste of the fish, and cast my hook into the water. Now, you fishers of men should take a lesson from the angler, and not only bait your hook with what the fishes you are after like, but throw your line in the water where they swim. If you do not you will fish for men in vain."

"I am not sure that I grasp your meaning, Judge Glendenning."

"Let me give a plain illustration, and one that will come home to you. Your son Heber is, we will say, in dangerous waters, out of which we would draw him. You bait with admonition, remonstrance, entreaty, prayer; but he will not take the hook. I bait with billiards. There is a flash in the water, a spring at the hook, and lo! I have him safely landed."

The minister bent his head slowly forward with his eyes cast down.

"If, by means of a billiard-table in my house, I can draw your son away from the dangerous associations of the tavern, have I done him good or harm?"

Mr. Vivian was silent.

"Let me press the question, sir."

"Good rather than harm," was the half-constrained reply.

"Then you admit that good may come of billiards."

"It is forbidden to do evil that good may come," said the minister. His manner was slightly confused, and there was perplexity and trouble in his countenance.

"To do evil is to break God's laws," replied Judge Glendenning. "Now, I have never been able to find a law against billiards or cricket or cards in the Bible."

"Do you find a law against rumselling?" asked Mr. Vivian.

"Does rumselling hurt the neighbor?"

"We know that it does."

"Then the Bible condemns it on every page."

"Do not cards and billiards hurt the neighbor also?"

"Tell me how."

"From my view I can perceive it all clearly enough; but you look at things from a different standpoint altogether. I see little chance of our agreement."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Vivian. I believe that we have already taken the first step toward reaching a common standpoint. Now, let me tell you what I have resolved to do. It's a sudden resolution, but I shall carry it out. I'm going to set up an opposition to the Grant House, and to your Young Men's Christian Association at the same time. What the first would ruin, and the second, because of its narrowness and lack of good common sense, can't save, I am going to take in hand—in a word, sir, I'm going to set up a private billiard-saloon."

"Before doing so, Judge, I trust you will consider well its effects upon our

young men, and especially upon those belonging to Christian families. For these latter it will prove, I sadly fear, an open way that leads from the Church and its saving influences."

"What if there be some whose feet have already strayed?"

Again the minister's form was bowed, his shoulders stooping forward, as if a heavy weight had been laid upon them. Light had gone out of his face.

"If it leads from the Church, as you say, Mr. Vivian—though why I am utterly unable to see—is it not better that it should run along amid safe places and by pleasant homes than lose itself in the poisonous fens of a drinking-saloon? Is the one no more favorable to the Church and to Christian influences than the other?"

"I cannot meet the argument, sir. I am greatly disturbed and in much confusion. You have me, through my love and anxiety for my boy, at a disadvantage. My heart is betraying me."

"Say, rather, that your instincts and perceptions are leading you into clearer light. They tell you that it will be infinitely safer for your son, if he will have a game of billiards now and then, to come and use my table than it would be for him to visit the Grant House. You are perfectly clear about this. Am I wrong then—am I doing evil that good may come—if I set up a billiard-table in my house in order to lead your son and the sons of other parents who are in fear about them away from the tables that are next to the bar-room?"

"I will not judge you, sir. Judgment is with the Lord. But I cannot help feeling that it would be far better if you could influence our young men in a less questionable way."

"Show me that way, Mr. Vivian."

"Interest them in something good and useful."

"In what?"

"In mental improvement."

The Judge shook his head.

"You are trying this at Association Hall."

"And with marked success. The library and reading-room show a goodly number every evening."

"All very well, and I'm glad of it. But what of those for whom the attractions of the library and reading-room are not always strong enough?—for your son, for Herbert Allen, and for many other excellent and promising young men whom I could name? Shall we leave them to the chances which may be more than two to one against them?"

"God forbid!" The minister clasped his hands together, showing signs of deep agitation.

"Are the sweet harmonies of music evil, Mr. Vivian?"

"We know they are not."

"And yet, sir, music is often made an instrument of evil. In some of the worst dens in our town the harp and the violin may be heard. When the devil fishes for men he knows how to bait his hook and where to throw it. Night after night, from half a dozen saloons you may hear the sound of music; but go by Association Hall, and it is as silent as the grave. If the managers could be induced to bait with a little music occasionally they might catch some of the fish that are now taken by the devil. If they baited with billiards and the bowling-alley they would catch a still larger number."

"But there is another consideration, and a very serious one," replied Mr. Vivian. "We must set the loss against the gain—the leveling down, so to speak, against the leveling up. Shall we hurt the good to help the evil? Throw down the protecting walls of our sheepfold, because some will not come in through the gate? Remember, Judge, that it is a *Christian Association*."

"Then it should have many gates of entrance, as had the city which John saw, coming down to the earth; which, if I re-

member aright, had twelve manner of gates. Multiply your gates, Mr. Vivian. Have your reading-room gate, and your prayer-meeting gate for those who desire intellectual and spiritual culture. If some will not come in except for recreation and amusement, have a billiard gate, and a music gate, and a tenpin-alley gate, and a gate for every other innocent amusement that you can provide."

"Shall a Young Men's Christian Association have no higher end than to provide amusements for its members?"

"Can it have a higher end than that which governed the divine Founder of Christianity—the end of seeking and saving that which is lost? If you can attract by innocent amusements, and so draw young men away from the society of the evil and the vicious, and out of the sphere of the world's manifold temptations, have you not drawn them just so far toward the Church, and set them in a new and better relation to it? From regarding you as narrow and bigoted and uncharitable in your judgments, they will soon see how genuine an interest you have in them, and how much you desire their good. They will no longer throw up a guard against you. They will feel your good-will. Your words will come to them with new meanings; your admonitions with a higher power."

"All very specious, Judge," said the minister, "if we look only on the side of the question which you have so well presented. But, as I remarked just now, we must consider the loss as well as the gain, and, unless I am much mistaken, the loss will greatly exceed the gain."

"Loss of what?"

"Loss of that vital religion without which everything else must go for nothing. If you open a billiard gate or a tenpin-alley gate you might as well shut and bolt the prayer gate. It will soon stand on rusty hinges."

"A man can't pray all the while."

"No."

"Nor read all the while."

"No."

"When the young men at the Hall get through with their praying, and grow weary of their reading, what do they do with themselves?"

"There are chess and checkers, and the gymnasium."

"If there be some who do not care for any of these, or have grown weary of them, what then?"

"They go away to their homes, or to visit their friends—anywhere that they choose. Most of them have, of course, their particular social relations."

"And some to the Grant House for a game at billiards."

"Very few, I trust," said Mr. Vivian, the life dying out of his voice.

"And shall no care be had for these? Shall nothing be done to save them from the dreadful peril if they should happen to drift into a billiard-saloon you feel sure they must encounter?"

"Everything should be done—that is, everything right in itself."

"In that I agree with you entirely, Mr. Vivian. And I fully approve of the sentiment you uttered a little while ago, that in our efforts to save those who are in dangerous ways or who have fallen into evil we should be careful not to hurt the good. We differ, however, as to what is and what is not hurtful. There ought to be some well-settled principles of right and wrong as standards of judgment, which every one can understand. Of all men, you religious people should be able to give us these standards. It doesn't do for you to tell us chess and croquet are innocent, while cards and billiards are sinful, unless you give the broad principles on which you rest your declaration. Your failure to do so must of necessity impair your influence. If the Church cannot or will not give a reason for its approvals and its condemnations which men can understand, its power over the people will grow weaker and weaker, and in the

end be lost altogether. There is a difference between the abuse and the use of things which every one can apprehend; and if the Church would rest its condemnations and its approvals here, its ban or its benison would come with a meaning and a power which they do not possess to-day. The attitude which the Church has taken toward amusements and recreations has weakened and is continuing to weaken its influence, not only with non-professors, but with the young people who are growing up within its borders. It calls harmless pleasures the worldliness that eats the heart out of religion, instead of regarding them as the interludes which recreate the mind and refresh it for work and duty, and teaching how and when they may be safely and innocently used. It brings its young people into straits and perplexities of mind and furnishes opportunity for the weak or the willful to set authority at naught."

"I do not see how that can be, Judge." The minister was more than startled by this last allegation.

"Nothing is plainer, Mr. Vivian. Take the case of your own son as an illustration. You lay an interdict upon cards and the billiard-table, but fail to give him a reason for the interdict that he can clearly understand. He is in no doubt as to the sin of gambling, and believes what you say about the evil associations of the tavern and the dangers of bad company, all of which he means to shun. But you have utterly failed to show him that playing at cards or billiards for simple amusement and recreation is wrong. So, you see, that he is in a strait. The only thing wrong connected with billiards that he can understand is the proximity of the table to the bar-room. If he avoids that and its associations can there be anything sinful in a game? He thinks it over, and the more he thinks the less of sin can he discover. But he is in a strait between your authority and the sentiment of the Church in

which he has been reared on the one side, and his inclinations and reasonings on the other. What is the outcome of it all? He resists for a while, but the desire for a game, for his mind has been set going in that direction, continues to increase, and at last, in a weaker moment than usual, he yields. I will not say that no harm has been done, for I believe the opposite to be true. He feels, somehow, that he has done wrong, though it is not all clear to him. He has taken a step away from you, and your influence over him has begun to fail. His thought of you has taken a new complexion. A sentiment of fear falls like a shadow over the sentiment of love. He knows that the time must come when you will find it out, and he dreads that time. What can he do but fortify and harden himself against you? And this unhappy work begins at once. Every day he grows a little away from you, avoiding your presence when he can."

The Judge stopped. His sentences were torturing Mr. Vivian, as he saw by the distress which was agitating his face.

"I would not cause you needless pain, sir," he went on, in a gentler and more sympathetic voice. "I am only presenting a view of the case as it looks from my standpoint. And now let me give you another view. It may help you to see some of these things in a different light from any in which they may have presented themselves to your mind. Suppose that I had a billiard-table in my house, and Heber were to say to you, 'Father, I'm going down to Judge Glendenning's this evening to have a game of billiards with Herbert Allen. The Judge told us that he would be happy to have us come round almost any evening,' and you should answer, 'Very well, my son, it is very kind of the Judge. But I hope that nothing will ever tempt you to enter the billiard-room at the Grant House. I should feel very much troubled if I knew that you went there. The associations are not good, the temptations many and

dangerous, and among the worst of these is the bar-room;' or, suppose Heber should say: 'I'm going to spend the evening at Mrs. Whitcomb's. They have a card party every two weeks, and you meet some very nice people there,' and you should answer, 'All right. There is no harm in cards if you don't gamble or use them for an evil purpose. I like the Whitcombs, and am glad to know that

you visit them,' what of the difference between this state of affairs and the other? Do they stand in opposition, and will not your influence in the one case go for nothing, or worse than nothing, while in the other it must lie around your son as a sphere of safety and protection?"

Mr. Vivian's eyes were resting upon the floor, and his form bowed heavily forward. What could he answer?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOY POET, CHATTERTON.

ENGLAND, the mother of many poets, has oftentimes borne herself but as a cruel step-dame to her sons. But never, mother or step-dame, has she doled out a more pitiful subsistence than to her youngest bard—the boy poet, Chatterton. This youth, the subject of our sketch, was born at Bristol, in the month of November, 1752, three months after the death of his father—Thomas Chatterton, the school-master.

The first few years of our poet's life were spent under the direct guidance and tutorship of his mother; but she, at length discouraged by the seeming obtuseness of his intellect, and fearing the family curse of insanity, sent him to the free school, where his father had at one time held the position of head master. From this school, however, he was soon returned as an incorrigible dullard, impossible to be taught.

His education having been thus inauspiciously undertaken and abandoned, the mother once more determined to take in hand her unfortunate child, with so pleasing a result that, at the age of six and one-half years, she had succeeded, the chroniclers say, in teaching him the alphabet by the aid of an illuminated musical manuscript, and had given him the rudiments of his erratic education from an old black-letter Bible. Thus, under the

warming influence of a mother's and sister's care, the germ of genius in the bosom of the child Chatterton made a sudden and surprising growth.

From this time until his eighth year, when he was placed at the Colston charity school, the boy pursued his own erratic course, poring over his book hours upon hours together, wandering by twilight about that strange, old edifice, St. Mary Redcliffe, or dreaming by moonlight in the uncompanioned loneliness of his childhood. Even at this early age Chatterton evinced symptoms of unusual melancholy—oftentimes weeping for hours, with seemingly no occasion for his childish grief. It is to be supposed, however, that in spite of these fits of melancholy, the boy was not unhappy, for he never expressed desire for the companionship of children, nor wish to join their sports. He was apart from others—alone and lonely; and his sadness was but the inevitable melancholy of genius.

At the age of eight, as it has been said, he was placed in the Colston charity school, where he received, indeed, a charity education; attended by masters to whose inner sense a draught from the spring of Hippocrene would have proved as tasteless as a goblet of pure water might to the wine-inured palates of old Silenius' followers. And yet, unpropitious

as were his surroundings, Chatterton while at this school projected many of his poems, and completed many more. At the age of eleven, or shortly afterward, he had written his "Hymn for Christmas Day," his "Apostate Will," and some lesser satirical pieces which do not generally appear, I think, among his published works. From this time onward there was little cessation in his productiveness, and when, after nearly seven years at the school, he was apprenticed to an attorney, there is little doubt that he had already conceived and partially perfected the plan of his great Rowley deception.

Irksome as were the years of his apprenticeship, and oppressive as were the indignities which ignorance heaped upon him, this wonderful boy persevered in his undertaking, carrying to a certain degree of perfection the work he had projected. Aside from his greatest production—the Rowley poems—the two best representatives of his genius, as he himself considered them, are "Narva and Mored," and "The Death of Nicon." There is in these two a sort of voluptuous beauty—a wealth of imagery which gives evidence of a fast ripening poetical power. Could he at this time have quelled the demon of satire within him, and given his ability into the keeping of the more softly conditioned muse of the lyre, he might have left to the world some worthier monument of his genius. With a touch of more sincere tenderness, such artificial verses as those which occur in the "Elegy on the Death of Mr. Phillips," might have become truly beautiful, and, setting aside the boyish straining for effect, there could have been found something, written in his own character of Thomas Chatterton, worthy to be compared, at least, with the works produced by him under his assumed name of T. Rowley—the priest.

His genius was essentially masculine; characterized by a somewhat chilling brilliancy, and lacking in the full heart-warmth which is, perchance, too feminine

an attribute to be expected from a boy of seventeen. Softened by years and educated by experience, what might we not have received from this unfortunate youth of Bristol. What years and education might have done, however, we cannot know; for he, a slender and pilotless bark, was so fatally shipwrecked upon the sea of life that the few jewels of literature tossed upon the shore were but the unworthiest of all his princely cargo.

And now let us come to a hasty consideration of those famous Rowley poems, which involved in a ludicrous controversy the most erudite minds of the time. There is little doubt that the plan of this great work was conceived in the early youth of Chatterton, and that from his lonely wanderings about St. Mary Redcliffe, this melancholy boy drew his first and deepest inspiration. As it happened, the elder Chatterton, father of Thomas, had removed from the old muniment room of St. Mary a number of parchment deeds, which manuscript gave to the gifted youth, it is thought, the first idea of his antique deception. Afterward, with a superficial study of heraldry, and with what knowledge of antique construction he could gain from mere books of reference, he gave to the world a creation which puzzled the wisest of readers. He peopled a bare and comfortless garret with knightly forms and with princely inspirations. From charity school and apprentice desk he produced such work as would have been held remarkable from the pen of established learning. The character creation of "Syr Charles Bawdin" in the "Bristowe Tragedie" alone would seem impossible to a genius so immature, and the tragedy of "Ælla" would rank its creator among the strongest of English poets. Of this, his most finished production, "Ælla," I regret that I cannot treat. As an example, however, of its antique wording, as well as of its beauty and grace of construction, let me introduce a few stanzas from the "Mynstrelles Song" of the tragedy:

I.

O! syngue untow mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

II.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

* * * *

VI.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

VII.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere my boddie styll schalle bee.
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

VIII.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
 Mie love ys dedde, etc.

* * * *

These verses are, in a sense, typical; and yet so versatile was the genius of the boy, that any measure attempted was equally well executed. As the tragedy of "Ella" is already under consideration, let me bring before the reader my second example from that source—the tender confession of Birtha to her bridegroom:

Mie lorde, and husbände, syke a joie is myne;
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for
 aie;
 Inne sothe, I have botte needed oute thie faie;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin
 yblente,

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
 And on the grasse her lemes of sylver sentie,
 Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to
 bee,
 Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to
 mee.

Ofte have I seene thee attee the none-daie
 feaste,
 Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of
 pheeres,
 Awylst thie merrymen dydde laughe and
 jeaste,
 On mee thou semest all eyne, to mee, all eares.
 Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
 Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sentie,
 And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie com-
 pheeres,
 Offe scarpes of scarlette; any fyne paramente;
 All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
 I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt yow ameded bee.

These lines contain a tender and womanly sentiment, indeed, for so young a heart to conceive, but in workmanship they are not more beautiful than the greater portion of the Rowley poems. From "The Tournament," "The Battle of Hastings," and others, lines equally pleasing might be culled, while the "Bristowe Tragedie" is replete with fine and noble sentiment.

So much for the works of Chatterton. Of his life there remains little to be said. He was born at Bristol on the 20th of November, 1752, and died in London at the age of seventeen years and nine months from a self-administered cup of poison. There was a taint of insanity in the blood, which exhibited itself, if not in actual outbursts, at least in dreamy and uncommunicative moods, in asperity of temper, and in a deep and touching melancholy. There have been accusations of a damaging character; but let us believe, with the best of his biographers, that this unfortunate youth wasted little of his strength in dissolute living or even in thought of debauchery.

However restricted by circumstance his life may have been, there are many points of interest which cannot be discussed in

so limited an article as the present. The fading of hope, the hours of anguish, the unkindness of the world, those last, awful hours, are better, perchance, unrecalled.

Lacking the sure help of Divine con-

solation, without the lesser hold of an earthly friendship, the poor boy trembled and faltered. May the Lord God, Creator and Healer, have mercy on that passionate soul!

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

CHESTER.

IT was on as beautiful a day as you would wish to see that we opened our eyes the first morning after leaving the ship, to find ourselves in Chester.

How comfortable, how luxurious even, seemed the large bed-room and ample, cozy bed after that stuffy cabin and painfully narrow berth of twenty-four hours back!

This time yesterday all was commotion, bustle, noisy preparation for landing here. The only sounds that came to our ears through the open window were the ringing of church-bells and the twittering of sparrows in the ivy outside.

It would have been pleasant to lie dreaming there for an hour, but we remembered that the morning service at the Cathedral began early and there was breakfast to come first.

We all met at the table in hats and jackets, ready to walk to the Cathedral, and found breakfast ready set at a cozy table in the corner, near the open fire. It is very seldom that one can comfortably dispense with a small fire to drive away the damp chill one feels on even a summer morning in England.

How tempting the simple fare looked and how deliciously everything tasted! If there were no great dainties on the table—only fresh eggs and the sweetest of Wiltshire bacon, hot toast, home-made marmalade and muffins, we were still hungry with the famine that follows *mal de mer*. I think that stolid-faced waiter must have been astonished at the quick disappearance of everything *eatable* which came before us!

Breakfast over, we were about to set off to the Cathedral, when some one said: "I thought there was to be a *parting* dinner on shore before we all scattered to-morrow." The waiter was recalled, and the serious matter of the "menu" was broached. We all laughed to see the helpless look on the face of one of our American friends at his "What will you please to *horder*, mum?"

"Oyster soup? Oh! no; they have no oysters here—at least no *proper* ones," she said; then, after a moment's thought, she gave the difficult question up and turned to my mother.

"Please order the dinner for us all, as you are accustomed to their dishes. I only know that roast beef and cabbage are the staple food of every English person."

My mother was careful to leave these two indispensables of diet *out* of that day's "menu."

On the way to the Cathedral we could not help stopping to admire the quaint old houses, whose upper stories jut out over the narrow sidewalk and are upheld by stout pillars of oak or stone. It gives a most irregular and picturesque effect where the pillars have lost their perpendicular and lean a little to one side or the other. One could fancy that they had grown tired of upholding the old framework of the houses for so many long lifetimes of men and sought to rest themselves a little.

The last part of our way lay through a narrow little street which was overshadowed by houses so tall and dark that not

one ray of sunlight broke in upon the cold, tomb-like gloom. We shivered, and walked quickly on to the open square in front of the Cathedral. Here the yellow morning sunlight fell on the grass and trees, and warmed the cold gray of the great building.

So many loiterings by the way had almost made us late. As we paused for an instant before the door, there was a loud burst of music—full, sweet, powerful. The notes rolled out to where we stood. One thought of Tennyson's lines:

"As one that museth where broad sunshine
laves

The lawn by some cathedral, through the door,
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves of sound
on roof and floor,

Within, an anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands."

They were singing the processional hymn, and whilst the long line of choristers and clergy were filing into the choir, we took our seats in the nave. It was almost empty, and people seemed to seat themselves where they pleased. There was no fussy verger to worry and distract the congregation after the usual manner of these functionaries.

When shall I ever forget that morning service in Chester Cathedral? No condition was wanting for the full enjoyment of the tired travelers, unless it were that we longed for all of our dear people at home to enjoy it too. Of course, we all remembered our woes of the Sunday before, the second and *worst* day on board. Truly there was wide room for self-congratulation in the change!

The service lasted an hour and a half, and the time passed quickly whilst we watched the sunlight falling through the painted windows upon the stone, and where it threw purple and amber gleams of light on the gray pillars and marble floor. It touched the cross, which hangs suspended by chains from the roof, fell on the white surplices of the priests and choir boys, and on the richly carved oak

of screen and stalls. The intoning of the prayers, the deep responses, the music of the chants and hymns came to us from the distant choir as if sung by *one* full voice.

It was over too soon, and we strolled out again from the misty shadow of the church into the full light and heat of a midsummer noon-day. We would not go back to the hotel yet, for it was long before the luncheon hour, and there was so much new ground to explore. Everything on which the eye rested was full of interest to those of us who were strangers in Chester. The houses, the streets, the odd, crooked by-ways, the air of Old-World life that hung about them all, bewitched the imagination. It seemed almost a pity that the townspeople were not dressed in costumes to match their old houses and streets!

From the clerical-looking square behind the Cathedral, we climbed by steep stone steps to the top of the wall, which is so wide that it forms a flagged footway for nearly two miles around the oldest part of the town. Evidently this is a favorite Sunday promenade, especially for "*couples keeping company*," of the lower classes. We met many such on our walk, all dressed in Sunday best, enjoying the sunshine and pure air and finding much more to admire in each others' faces than in the view.

In an unlucky moment, one of our party asked a question of a poor man who was passing, and immediately, as if they had shot up from the earth, there appeared two or three guides, each offering his services to show us all the points of interest from the wall.

"That man as you arsked the name of that tower of, *he* couldn't tell you nothink, sir; he was only an *Irishman*!" said one.

The deep scorn of the emphasis on the word "*Irishman*" passes description, and gave the stranger an insight into the deep-rooted dislike which exists between the lower English and Irish. No one

who has known much of the poor in England would say that they sympathize with the Irish in their agitation against the landlords—much less in their desire for Home-Rule. The Irish are a by-word of reproach among the English peasantry, and more yet among the poor in the towns. The race prejudice is rank and bitter, and where Irish and English are obliged to live close together, free fights, brawls, and constant trouble are the result. They are only too glad for the smallest excuse to try conclusions by force.

But to return to the guide—the old man who had so poor an opinion of Paddy's ability to answer a straight question—we chose this man because he seemed to promise more amusement than the usual run of guides. Amusing he certainly was, and full of odd scraps of information, which could not have been learned, cut and dried, from a guide-book. We leaned over the wall, looking far, far away across the fertile plain, which was once washed by the sea up to the very walls of Chester.

"Every hakre that you see there, ladies and gentlemen, is land as has been *proclaimed* from hold Neptune!"

By the tone of triumph in which this was said, you might have thought that the old man personally had had a hand in defrauding the sea-god of his rights.

From the wall of Chester you look across the rich counties of Cheshire and Flint, that lie spread out like a map till bounded on the far southwest by the Welsh Mountains.

"There are the yellow 'sands o' Dee,'" and the guide pointed rather vaguely with his forefinger to the scenes of several battles, five or six at *fewest*.

It was from this tower that poor King Charles the First saw the defeat of his troops by the Roundheads; there was the old family mansion of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, now used as part of the barracks; in this little walled plot of land,

where the grass grows so lush and green, were buried the bodies of those who died in that terrible winter, when the whole town had been desolated by the plague. So on, and so on, rambled the old man, and we in his wake, until at last, tired and *very* hungry, we were glad to find ourselves at the door of the hotel.

I fear that I have dwelt too long already on the subject of Chester, but just a few words about the *old curiosity shops*, which are so characteristic a part of it, and then we will journey on into North Wales.

The name of these shops—places of delight untold if you have a hobby for old china, old bits of carving, old oak furniture, old lace and jewelry, brass, iron, engravings, and Heaven only knows what besides—is legion in Chester. There is Sherratt, of Bridge Street Row, prince of curio-collectors, a salesman who will make you believe that the price he asks you for this old table or that cabinet is so exceptionally, *absurdly* small, that to refuse it would be a *sin*! Mr. Sherratt is a clever student of human nature. As you wander through his handsome salons, admiring and delighted, he is talking to you gently, tactfully, leading the way up to the bargain that is to be struck by and by. He appeals to your vanity as a person of superior taste; he makes you believe that the coveted thing is *really cheap*; he asks you what is the shape of your drawing-room and how furnished? Thereupon he draws you a picture, fascinating to the imagination, of your own room, with the addition of the article "don't it s'agit." To all who have money to spare and who would fain take back across the Atlantic some magnificent specimens of carved oak, dainty Chippendale or marqueterie furniture, I would say "go to Sherratt and you will find a vast choice and everything the best of its kind." But if your purse is *not* a long one, there are plenty of really pretty and almost equally *effective* things in the same line to be had at

other shops where the prices are much lower. I once unearthed a charming stand for china, of richly carved old oak, and bought it for only thirty shillings, but this was in a very unambitious little shop. The poor people who cannot show off their things in large rooms and advantageous lights are often passed by, yet from them you might find enough handsome bits of old furniture to give "an air" to your whole house for the same price that they would ask you for a side-board or china cabinet in one of the smart shops.

I have come to the utmost limits of my

paper, and I fear of the reader's patience, and yet have said nothing of the famous "Rows," nor of the seat of the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall, the great show place to which every tourist is driven as a matter of course. But all these are fully and elaborately described in any guide book, and my little narrative has only attempted to give individual impressions of those bits of Chester which struck me most at the time we saw it. If the picture I have drawn of a Sunday spent there should make the reader wish to "go and do likewise," I am quite sure he will not be disappointed. E. A. W. W.

OUR SCHOOLS, SCHOOL-HOUSES, AND SCHOOLMASTERS IN THE LONG AGO.

THE Berryhill school-house was built in 1816, and was like all the old log houses in early times.

It cost nothing except the labor expended in the cutting of the logs and putting them together after the fashion of a pig-pen, only that the corners were cut in notches that would fit together.

They were finished then with chinking-split stuff to stop up the apertures between the logs, and mortar plastered over to keep out the wind and the worst of the rain and snow.

The windows in those early times were the merest substitutes. On each side of the house a log was left out, and the places were covered with oiled paper, which let in a dim, subdued light.

It had an immense fireplace occupying nearly one end of the house—no mantel, no jambs or side pieces, and the daylight that came down the low, wide chimney was as bountiful as from a bay-window.

The chimney was made of split sticks and mortar, laid up after the manner of little children's cob-houses.

The floor was heavy plank or puncheon, as it was called in those days, and was

split or rived out of large logs and roughly dressed, the big splinters toned down modestly. The seats were puncheons and saplings squared, and stood on four sprawling legs. The writing desks were the first slabs off sycamore logs and placed against the wall and secured on pins that were driven into the walls.

The large scholars at these desks sat with their backs toward the teacher, swinging their feet. None of the seats were made intending the children to rest their feet on the floor.

The door was made of rived boards, hung on creaking wooden hinges, and the rude wooden latch was large and clattering, and had the traditionary leather latch string. Doors were locked in those days by leaving the string on the inside. The roof was rows of clap boards, split out, and each row secured in place by heavy weight poles laid on.

A row of wooden pins driven into the logs at the end of the house was the place to hang the shawls and bonnets, and a shelf above it was for the boys' hats. A little bench in one corner was for the dinner baskets that held the homely but

sweet lunch of cold cornbread, with whatever accompaniment the mother could contrive from her meagre store. Every autumn the log school-house was well banked up with fresh dirt and newly daubed with clay mortar, both inside and out.

The old Berryhill school-house was used every summer and winter from 1816 to 1835, and then, almost on its site, was built the first frame school-house. It was large and clean and roomy, and had nine windows, with sash and real glass, a good door with real latch and hinges, comfortable seats, and in the middle of the floor stood a Franklin stove that sent out abundant and grateful warmth.

The last day of school in the old log house was memorable. The "master" treated. He was a poor young man, a widower, lately from the State of Maryland, had fallen in love with the shoemaker's only daughter, and married her the following summer. Every person said Philemon and Charlotte would make a "queer match;" he was thirty-two and "Tot" was only seventeen; but the gossips were mistaken; it was a good match; they prospered, had an intelligent family, and Philemon served two terms in the Legislature very acceptably, lived to good old age, and died universally lamented.

When he treated "the last day" the girls had theirs in the house, apples and raisins, but the boys were invited out-doors on that cold, stormy, snowy day in March, sat in a row on the high fence of Uncle Jonathan's meadow, and were treated to the social beverage of those early days, whisky, which was passed round from one to another, each boy taking a good drink from the jug.

The tin dipper, which the teacher had bought, he presented to Charlotte with a polite bow.

In all these years schools were subscription schools; the fathers paid for the one, two, three, or four scholars, whichever they had signed on the paper. Poor men

invariably had large families. They generally signed three scholars if they had five or six children old enough to go to school, and then divided the time round among them, each one getting the benefit of a half term. It was hard, but sometimes it was the best they could do. It cost about four dollars a year to school each child. Very frequently the heavy end of a poor man's school bill was lifted off and added to the bill of a man who was able and willing to help "bear one another's burdens." Or, the poor debtor would work at clearing, grubbing, breaking flax, plowing new land, or something for the man who had helped pay his school bill.

What a trial it was to the poor parents of large families when the teacher's subscription paper lay opened out before them!

They would confer and sometimes put down only a half-scholar, or one and a half, and then the "smartest ones" would get to attend school.

Too often the father would say, bitterly, when trying to compromise between poverty and duty: "Oh! I got along without learnin'; they can do as I've done; they're no better nor the'r daddy;" and the conciliating, sweet voice of the loyal wife and mother would gently interfere—"Oh! come now, father, it's about all we can leave to the poor children; I'll pay for one, somehow; come now; don't be harsh, dear; I think this will be a good year for ginsing and columbo roots, and we'll all turn out and dig and gather like all possessed."

In those days, if a child was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as the rule of three, it was about the amount of the tolerable education.

What remorseful twinges of conscience did come with the last day of each term!

Thoughtful children were all troubled then for fear they had not applied themselves studiously to their books; they were afraid that golden opportunities had

not been improved. And the clincher to their heartaches came when the teacher gave to each child a little slip of paper to carry home to poor papa, something like this:

"Mr. John Smith, you owe me won dolar and seventy sents for Marthy Ann's scoolin.

"MISS ELLEN JAY, teacher."

Or: "Widow Mulroony, you owe me to dolars for Jonathan henry's scoolin.

"ADALINE JUDKINS, teacher."

It was a glad day for the State of Ohio in the winter of 1838, when a new school-law was enacted. The Berryhill legislator, "Uncle John," as every one called him, hurried and wrote a letter home to the little nephews and nieces, telling them the joyful tidings. And then they all skipped and said, "Goody! goody! now we'll not have to live so saving any more; schools will be free and our papas will not have such hard work to pay school bills, and we won't have to save our shoes; we can kick frozen clods, and we can play shinny and black man Anthony over, and crack the whip, and, best of all, we can slide on the ice freely cross the creek at one run!"

And in less than forty-eight hours after the good news about free schools, the more valiant of the irrepressibles had poured water down a smooth bank below the school-house, and the very next morning they celebrated the delightful event by a glorious slide, completely ignoring the value of shoe leather. The same now as it was then, very few persons can stand prosperity.

School books cost a great deal more then than they do now. The United States Spellers, with worthless wooden backs that would split into kindlings the first time an urchin was cuffed with one, cost forty cents each at the nearest store, fifteen miles distant. There were classes in the *English Reader*, *Testament*, *History of the United States* and *Life of Captain William Riley*. It was not uncommon to

see such a medley of books in school as: Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, Harvey's *Meditations*, *Columbian Orator*, *History of the Revolution*, *Poetry for Schools*, *History of the Late War* (1812), and Parnell's *Poems*.

The school examiners were the directors, the doctor, the landlord of *E pluribus Unum* Tavern, and the farmer who was "high larnt." The examinations were original and uncommonly interesting, and the Board had some rare fun among themselves.

In those quiet long-ago times, in other days, the advent of the new "master" was a wonderful event in the lives of the boys and girls. It was important. No one knew who was coming.

The school directors would post notices about, on the store door, at the blacksmith shop, and on the big tree at the cross-roads, saying, at such a date and such a place, a meeting would be held for the purpose of employing a teacher for the winter term of four or five months.

Then, when the evening appointed would arrive, after an early supper, the district dignitary would take his bell-crowned hat down off its peg, and settle it on his head with a few dexterous shakes, take his cane from its moorings, and start.

And the eager voices of the boys and girls would follow him down the door-yard path, and past the stumps, and past the foot-bridge, with: "Say, papa, hire a good man; don't get anybody we ever saw or heard tell of."

"Come, father," another would say, "get a good fellow who knows lots of stories, and one who is not cross, and one who likes boys and girls."

And the older ones would say in a hungry, half-starved way: "I hope he'll be real smart outside of school books, handsome and polite and clever and gallant—a man who will help us and help the whole neighborhood."

Not an eye would close in sleep or a little head go nid-nodding before the return of the august school director.

And when he came, how slow of speech he seemed. How important his office made him. How he delighted to take his own time in framing cautious, tantalizing replies.

Sometimes the "new master" was an old man, the "highest larnt in the destrict," a lame man, sickly, in debt, or a man with a large family, who had appealed to the kindness of his humane neighbors, or more probably he was a man who would teach cheaper than any other applicant.

This was not uncommon.

Sometimes the patient waiting was rewarded by hearing that the new master was a stranger, fine appearing, sometimes an Irishman, a Yankee, a Virginian, a Marylander, or a young student desiring to prosecute the study of divinity, law, or medicine, and took this way to earn a little money. Sure enough, it was but a little.

So the article of agreement would be drawn before the new school-law of 1838, or when there was an insufficiency of public funds, and the poor fellow would be bound up as snug as a broken leg.

He was to receive ten dollars a month, and teach every consecutive Saturday, full hours in a day, good order in time of school, use no partiality, punish when necessary, and he was to "board round" among the scholars, which meant a week in a place.

For convenience he would take wheat to be delivered at specified mills. Manners', Coper's or Shrimplin's were mentioned in the article of agreement between the parties. Wheat was quite as good as money—was considered as good, as—"wheat in the mill."

In most homes it was a gala week when the master came. He was doubly welcome; he was the honored guest, and as welcome to their hospitality as was the "Methody preacher," whom they all loved and revered.

Even if the family were poor they always found room for the "master."

One time the little boys in a family coaxed the new teacher to go home with them and stay all night.

He went, an unexpected visitor. While sitting, waiting until the cornmeal pudding was done, he overheard a sixteen years old girl say to the mother out in the leanto, where the wheels and reels are kept, "Mommy, where will the master sleep to-night? Ther isnt any place for him, is ther?"

"Never you mind, sis," said the wide-awake, contriving little mother, "I'll manage; he can do as the Methody preacher does; I'll sleep in with you and Nate and Tom and Susy, and he can have my place in with daddy and Ike and Henry and the twins."

A schoolmaster had good lodgings, and he could sleep like a dried herring if he had no more than two boys in bed with him. He fared well.

The old-time hospitality was royal. It was given without grudging. We wonder now with our many rooms, and our convenient ranges and comfortable appliances, how it could have been.

The kitchen was parlor, sitting-room, bed-room, dining-room, and pantry, and all in one.

There was a low chamber overhead called a loft which was reached by a ladder, either out-doors or in one corner. The cooking was done in the fireplace by hanging pots and kettles on the swinging iron crane, to which was attached trammels and hooks. In lieu of chairs solid wooden benches were used. Instead of pictures on the walls for ornament, hung strings of dried fruit, rows of herbs, sacks of seeds, gourds, tallow candles, stockings, almanacs, home-made hats, and the old Revolutionary shot pouch, while over the mantel reposed the trusty rifle.

The few smoky and well-read books lay on a swinging shelf out of the reach of the hands of the investigating babies.

In such humble but happy homes the old-time schoolmaster was always welcome.

He generally adapted himself to the family habits in a short time. He could jump up and dress while the women were milking or cutting meat out in the lean-to. He could "go wash in the run," forty rods away, at the base of the hill, as nimbly as one of the girls, and wipe on the raking, rasping tow-linen towel like the rest of them did.

And when they surrounded the kettle of mush and ate out of it in easy abandonment, like common folks, not quality, he could do the same. If they all sat in a semicircle round the ample stone hearth, and cracked and ate a peck of walnuts, as a prelude to retiring, he joined them cheerfully. If, instead, it was a heaping panful of doughnuts, bursting their twisted sides with lightness, and accompanied with cider foaming from the red-hot iron thrust into it, he was the very laddie to go in.

If it was to drive the Deacon's bay team in the cutter over the hills and valleys to a country singing-school, sitting on the laps of the Deacon's rosy daughters, he was their most obedient cavalier.

The schoolmaster was expected to know everything. Encyclopedias were not known then in the new country. When old Rover Coulter bit Jerry Conine on the hand, he hied off to Asa Brown, the Yankee schoolmaster, to know what would cure the wound. And Asa, wise Asa, drew his sandy brows and said, "Cut off some of old Rover's hair and bind on the place and that will cure it in nine days."

And when Ann Bolinger asked him what would drive away the witches from troubling Mary Maria's baby, he said for her to sleep with a Bible under her pillow and let it wear a strip of something round its neck that grand'ther Hoskins, the wizard, had worn, or had about him. The baby got well. Got real smart, and pearter than ever, the grateful old grandmother told, with her own mouth.

The school girls in other days wore home-made dresses. In the winter they were made of linsey woolsey, flax, or cotton

warp with wool filling woven on the looms at home by the mothers or elder sisters. It was the quality that repellent, or water-proof is now, only that it was very rough and uneven, and harsh to the feel, but good and warm and sensible.

The school boys wore linsey trousers and towshirts; later they wore trousers of home-made cloth and shirts of half-sleyed flannel, and later yet they aspired to nice, good, stylish "London brown."

It was made this way: the mothers wove the flannel, white and fine, and of even thread, sent it to the fulling mill, where it was fulled, thickened, dyed the pretty reddish brown color, and pressed smooth and shiny. In the then prevailing, sixty years ago, Western vernacular, it was called "Lunnen brown." A young man in a first new suit of this stylish goods was at the height of his ambition. When it could be afforded, it was "the weddin' suit."

One of the first of the schoolmaster's excellencies in the long ago was "strength." He must be cross. He must be the boss. He must know how to handle the gad, and lay it on in sturdy blows, thick and long and fast. He must have the attainment that Ole Bull's fiddler had. One time this distinguished violinist was strolling along, seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent near by. Amused, he entered and said to the player, "My good friend, do you play by note?"

"The divil a note, sir."

"You play by ear, then?"

"Divil an ear, yer honor."

"How do you play then, my good sir?"

"By main strength, be jabbers!"

Oh! how often did the poor boys in their loose wamusses, and the girls in their scant homespun apparel, writhe under the great, heavy, green rods in the strong hands of the long-ago log-cabin schoolmasters, ignorant men who governed solely by main strength!

ROSELLA RICE.

MOTHERS.

MATERNITY.

"**H**OW nice and trim Fannie always looks," said John Allerson to his wife, as his sister Fannie walked off, after an evening visit to her brother and his wife. She indeed merited his praise; she had a remarkably neat, jaunty figure, and a tasteful way of making and wearing her clothes. Her present costume, though simple, was charmingly becoming—a fresh looking white and blue percale, nicely fitting, and gracefully looped. Sarah replied "Yes," briefly, and without enthusiasm, glancing down at her own somewhat rumpled dress, over which a stout, sprightly child of a year old had been clambering. She had an unpleasant consciousness that John felt the contrast between the girlish jauntiness of Fannie's appearance and her own, and she felt that it was not fair to institute a comparison between the two, so totally different were the circumstances that surrounded her sister-in-law and herself. The former was a young girl, with no heavier charge nor employment than to follow out any pursuit or pleasure that might strike her fancy, with an abundance of leisure to pay close attention to her dress and personal appearance. Her father was sufficiently well off to exempt her from any hard work and to give her every reasonable pleasure and indulgence, and now, in her fresh young girlhood, before she had taken on her the cares and duties of wifehood and maternity, she was enjoying a season of spring blossoms and careless ease and happiness. Sarah, on the other hand, was the mother of four children, one of them delicate enough to keep her anxious, and to require close watching. She had had five, but she had lost one of her little band, which made her doubly watchful over the remaining ones.

Her two oldest children, aged respectively eight and ten, were old enough to require schooling, and as there was no fine school near her, and she was not willing nor able, in a pecuniary sense, to send them off to a distance to school, she

taught them herself, and a faithful and admirable teacher she proved, for she was a finely educated and cultured woman. In her younger days her society had been sought after and valued by persons of intellect and culture; now, however, she did not go a great deal into society, but devoted her fine powers of mind chiefly to the training of her children, drilling them not only in the ordinary school routine, but laying the foundation of a pure and fine literary taste, to be a solace and source of refined and elevating enjoyment all through their after lives. Still more pains did she take to impress on their tender hearts and minds a love and reverence for divine and heavenly things. Besides this great and noble work, she gave close attention to the physical needs and training of all her children, more especially the two youngest, one a baby a year old, and the other, a frail little girl of five. She was a high-minded woman, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of every duty that devolved on her. The maternal instinct was peculiarly strong with her, and she felt penetrated with a sense of the nobility and magnitude of the task that devolved on her—to bring up her children so that they might have a sound mind in a sound body—to train them so that they might be useful citizens in this world, and angels in the other.

But in order to give the close attention required for the moral, mental, and physical training of her children, Sarah found it necessary either to give up or subordinate some of the pursuits she had followed in her girlhood. Firstly, she determined to sacrifice fancy work. Neither her eyesight (weakened by child-bearing) nor her leisure any longer sufficed for it. Therefore she steadily resisted the temptation to make crazy quilts, sofa cushions, chair ties, lambrequins, embroidered table covers and scarfs, and other devices that swallow up so much feminine time and money. These things are innocent and even desirable (when not carried to excess) for some classes of women, but not for those who are engrossed with the

charge of little children. Let the fancy work be done by young girls who have not yet taken on them the serious cares of life, or let it be done by women who have never married, and who, having ample (too ample) leisure, can pleasantly while away with such things time that might otherwise hang heavily on their hands, or it might be undertaken by mothers whose children have passed through the stage of childhood, with its helplessness, its perils, its multiform and constantly recurring needs. But it would be wise for the mother of little children who gives them her personal care and supervision to say "avaunt" to all the temptations of macramé, crazy quilts, lambrequins, and all the other innumerable forms of fancy work that have sprung into existence within the last ten or twenty years. Sarah, at least, had the firmness to do so, and although her æsthetic friends and acquaintances pitied her for having a house so bare of table scarfs, beaufet scarfs, banners, "splashes," and other fashionable ornamentations, yet she was satisfied as to the wisdom of her decision, and could see that benefit accrued to her children from it.

Another thing on which she had expended great care and time in her youth was the culture of choice greenhouse flowers, but she found she could not now bestow all this time and pains on them without neglecting her children, therefore she decided to give them up for a few years at least. If her husband had been a wealthy man, she might have gone on as before with her greenhouse flowers, merely directing servants in the charge of them, but as their number of servants was too small for this, and the flowers could only be raised by her personal efforts, she gave up these also in the cause of maternity, that is to say, she gave up her rare and delicate plants and flowers, but she would have thought it a grievous wrong and injury to her children to have deprived them of flowers, so she now planted out and raised a profusion of hardy out-door ones, roses, lilacs, jessamine, honeysuckle, hyacinths, jonquils, etc., for her children to enjoy and gather unchecked.

As to literature, she continued to keep up that, at least to a certain extent, not only because it refreshed her amid her

cares, but still more because it was so much to her children's advantage that she should keep it up. Therefore she read by snatches, and gave them the benefit of all they could understand, either read aloud, or adapted to their mental states through the medium of her conversation. Still more largely did she draw from her stores of past culture for their benefit, for she was like "a householder bringing forth things both old and new." Her instrumental music she kept up to a certain degree, but the strain of motherhood had weakened and impaired her voice, so she seldom sang anything now but lullabies to soothe her babes.

Though subordinating everything to her great life-work of rearing and training her children, she made every reasonable effort to attend well to the ways of her household in general, and to have everything orderly and comfortable. She did not attempt, however, to perform prodigies in the way of pickling, preserving, dessert-making, etc., like some other housekeepers not so hampered by little children, or perhaps not so careful about training them.

As to her dress, it was always neat, but some points in that also had to be sacrificed to maternity. Dainty or elaborate dressing, except for brief, special occasions, she found out of the question. Anything that would make her push off her darlings from her arms or lap, she did not care to wear habitually; therefore her dress, though neat and ladylike, was generally simple, though sufficiently in conformity with that of others when she went out. She had always loved to wear white in her youth and would fain have literally obeyed the injunction in Ecclesiastes, "let thy garments be always white." She found, however, that babies so creased and injured her dainty white dresses that she had to restrict herself to occasionally wearing one, as a treat, till her children should be too old to clamber into her lap.

In the above description of a careful and faithful mother, my young readers may think I have drawn a very discouraging picture of the burdens and responsibilities of maternity, and of the self-abnegation and self-denials it requires. But these very things, if we look at the subject from a high, moral standpoint, are what render maternity so purifying and elevat-

ing to the character. Nor is it all a strain and pressure; along the path are scattered exquisite flowers for daily and hourly cutting, flowers whose fragrance so cheer the mother's heart that they dispel all thought of weariness. Her delight in the innocent smiles and charming little tricks of her babe, her interest in watching the daily development, both mental and bodily, of her children, and her pure, unselfish joy in ministering to them, are a sufficient recompense to her for all her efforts and self-denials.

Still, no matter how lovingly and cheerfully a woman performs her maternal duties, no one who has not experienced maternity herself can have an idea of what a drain it is on both the mind and body. A woman with a baby (I mean the average woman, not especially strong and robust), though she may not be actually sick or in pain, is rarely free from a feeling of weakness and languor at times, a distressing sensation, amounting to faintness. She is giving her very life-blood for the sustenance of the young life that depends on hers, and she feels as if her life and strength were ebbing away, transferred to her vigorous, chubby infant. Many a time, too, she has to give up the night's rest so much needed to brace up her languid system. She undergoes also a mental burden of care and anxiety. It is hard for a man to realize all this, else he would be more gentle and loving to his wife, engaged in rearing their babes, than he had ever been in the heyday of his

courtship. He would have a feeling of more protective tenderness toward her, and surround her with an atmosphere of deeper love and sympathy, seeking to help, cheer, and uphold her in every way, to lighten her cares, and to procure her all the rest and recreation possible.

The hard pressure does not generally last more than ten years. Then the mother begins to find that her duties are lightening, her leisure increasing, and that she is more at liberty to enjoy society, literature, and other recreations. By this time the older children will not only have ceased to be a burden, but they will be an actual help, assisting their mother about little domestic duties and enterprises, and about amusing and taking care of the younger children. As time goes on she will find that in regard to the lessening of care and responsibility her life seems to revert more and more toward her youthful days. And at length a time will come when she will have more freedom and leisure than she desires. Her fledgelings will have flown off into the world, leaving the parental nest bare. Then husband and wife, once more, will be alone, as when they were bride and groom, and if the deep experiences of life, its manifold joys and sorrows, and, above all, the noble, joint work of rearing children have closely and tenderly bound together the married pair, this will be a sweet and blessed time of peace, albeit with a touch of sadness for the brood that has flown.

MARY W. EARLY.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

JACK'S ARK.

CHAPTER III.

INTO THE RAPIDS.—THE RESCUE.

JACK was not a coward, but he had no gun, and he knew too well the ferocious nature of the beast to venture nearer. So he hastily made his way back to the ark, shut the door, and waited for the current, which was very sluggish at this point, to take them away from the vicinity of so undesirable an acquaintance.

The creature had been caught unaware by the sudden freshet and sought shelter here. In all probability he would not have harmed them if they had landed, for under such circumstances the most ferocious of beasts generally become as inoffensive as lambs. But the boys were too well acquainted with the nature of this ill-favored customer to put any trust in him and they were only too glad, as they looked out of the window, to see that they were moving slowly away.

Again in the current, their speed in-

creased until they came to a long stretch of not very dangerous rapids, where their heavy craft was tossed and whirled about till its timbers creaked and groaned. Then came another bit of smooth water through which they moved at a snail-like pace.

The day was now waning, and still the misty veil hung over them. But they knew night was approaching, for they began to be hungry again, and the shadows were growing deeper inside their floating house. They were getting anxious, and were more alarmed than at any time before; for the idea of passing another night tossed about by the waves was far from pleasant.

Jack had an idea that they might tie the iron kettle to the end of the rope and cast anchor, and, in fact, they had concluded to try the experiment, when right in their course they saw a bunch of alders.

"Get the rope all ready," cried Jack, "an' if we strike them alders, we'll tie up."

They did strike the alders and Jack succeeded in getting a good hold. Then the rope was made fast, and they were anchored for the night. The iron kettle was again transformed into a range, pork and eggs fried, and after eating a hearty supper they lighted the lantern. As they had slept but little the night before, they agreed that one should keep watch while the other rested. Jack stood the first watch, and when he could no longer keep his eyes open he waked Tim, and throwing himself on the bed was sound asleep in two minutes. Tim had all the will in the world to do his part, but he was not more than half awake, and in less than fifteen minutes he, too, was in the land of dreams.

How long the boys slept they never knew; but they were awakened by the motion of the boat, and hastily starting up and opening the door they found that they were adrift again. At first they did not know how to account for it, but the howling of the wind around them told the story. A gale had sprung up in the night, torn the boat loose from its fastenings, and set them in motion again. But the wind which had done them this ill-turn had also served a good purpose. It dispersed the mass of fog which had hung over them so long.

They could see that it was nearly morning, for the moon and stars shone but dimly overhead, and the flush in the eastern sky proclaimed that sunrise was not far off. But although they could now see quite distinctly, there was nothing to tell them where they were—not a landmark in sight, only a broad expanse of water on either side, bordered by thick woods which they could just discern in the dim light. The wind was blowing down stream, and this, aided by the strong current, was spinning them along at a lively pace.

As they kept on they found that the intervales was growing narrower and narrower, until at length the waters were contracted within the comparatively narrow natural bed of the river. This was no advantage to them, however, for in proportion as the great volume of water was confined the strength of the current increased, until they were kiteing along at a speed that almost made their teeth chatter with fear.

In a short time the sun rose and lighted up the landscape. It was a wild scene. The river was now but a few rods in width, and the channel was a mass of seething, angry waters. On each side high banks, in some places bordered by jagged rocks, and back of these a wild, dark forest. Their speed was increasing every moment. Once in a while as they passed some curve, their boat would strike the rocky shore with a tremendous crash, and then with a rebound start down stream again. At one point they passed under a great hemlock tree, which, uprooted by a gale, had been blown nearly down, and now hung so low over the water that as they glided under it the branches struck their house, and sent half the roof rattling about their ears, much to their dismay. But no damage was done to the boat itself, and that was the main thing now. The old scow had withstood so many hard knocks that they began to have perfect confidence in her ability to stand anything they were likely to meet.

But they little knew what was to come. They did not know that even then they were within the power of Fifteen-mile Falls, the very mention of which had struck such a chill to the hearts of their parents. Perhaps they had never even

heard of this long stretch of rapids, and if they had it had been forgotten.

On and on, faster and faster they spun along. The trees and rocks on the banks seemed to fly past them. Several times they saw great water-worn boulders raising their dark summits in the midst of the channel; but by great good fortune they escaped most of these. Twice the corner of the scow struck, but her bows were thrown round by the shock and they passed on in safety. Once they struck fair and square on a frowning rock which rose in mid channel with a force that sent them sprawling on the bottom of the boat. The scow quivered from end to end at the concussion. She stood motionless for a few moments with the foaming water beating against her stern, then, whirling around, began another wild race down the rapids.

Heretofore the boys, though anxious and alarmed, had not considered themselves in imminent danger; but now they were thoroughly frightened. Jack could swim a little and Tim still less, but it was plain to them that even the strongest swimmer would have no chance in a struggle for life with these raging waters. Even great logs which came hurtling down were tossed about like feathers in a gale. Fortunately for them, however, the bulk of the driftwood had already passed, else they would have been subjected to increased peril.

On and on they flew, striking, bumping, whirling around, but clinging to their craft in grim despair. Their dumb companions were as badly frightened as they. Carlo expressed his apprehension by whining and giving an occasional bark to attract his master's attention; but the poor cat crouched tremblingly in a corner without uttering a sound.

For miles and miles they kept on until at last the crisis came. Directly ahead of them, in mid channel, rose a great rock, against which had collected a mass of wreckage, logs, stumps, and other debris. They struck this fair in the centre, then swung broadside on and remained fast, with the waves pounding against the boat and forcing themselves through every crack and cranny of the side until the occupants were nearly drowned out—the boat threatening every moment either to be sucked under or thrown over by the tremendous force of the current.

Jack and Tim gave themselves up for lost. They clambered out on what remained of the roof, ready to jump upon the mass of driftwood should their craft succumb to the force of the water. They would not be much better off here, to be sure, for there was an impassable torrent on either side. The cat and the dog had anticipated them, however, for as the water came in they flew out of the open door, made a leap for the driftwood, and now stood shivering on the rock.

The old scow was wrenched and twisted and bobbed up and down with a force that made every timber creak; still, she held together. But the house that the boys had added was not so strongly built, and in a few moments it became so shaky that they dared remain on it no longer, and cautiously climbing over the treacherous raft of wreckage, they stood on the rock, shivering, in company with the dog and the cat.

Now, indeed, their hearts failed them! How were they ever to escape from their perilous position? And even if they could get ashore, what could they do there? They would be in the midst of an unknown wilderness, without the least idea which way to go and with nothing to eat.

It was too much for Tim. He began to cry, and Jack was about to follow suit, when something in Carlo's attitude attracted his attention. The dog, but a moment before a picture of abject misery, now stood up with ears and tail erect. Now he gives utterance to a loud bark, then he whines and wags his tail.

"Tim, what's the matter 'th the dog?" shouted Jack at the top of his voice, so as to be heard above the roar of the waters.

"Dunno," answered Tim, suspending his blubbering for an instant, and then resuming it more vigorously than ever, without giving the matter any further consideration.

"Wall, but I do then," shouted Jack, in joyous tones; "look up thar!"

And "thar," sure enough, coming around a curve in the rapids, was a boat with three men in it. Carlo, by some mysterious instinct, had either heard or scented them some moments before Jack had sighted them. On comes the little boat, as though sliding down a cascade of ice. Jack shouts, but the roaring waters

drown his feeble voice. He waves his hat. Ah! that is better! The man in the stern looks up and then shouts to the others. Jack is almost ready to dance with joy, while Tim laughs convulsively, with the tears still running down his cheeks.

Nearer comes the boat. Grandfather is steering exactly for the centre of the scow, which still lies broadside on. Mr. Collins and Mr. Clark stand up, and as the boat comes dashing down put out their paddles to ease her off, else she would be dashed to pieces like an eggshell.

"Come on, boys!" shouts Mr. Collins; but they have already begun to "come on," and the dog is in the boat as soon as it touches.

Jack has just began to climb over the scow when he turns and beholds the forlorn cat, gazing wistfully after him, not daring to follow. He leaps back, takes her in his arms, and in another moment is in the boat.

"Down in the bottom, both uv ye!" shouts grandfather. "Now push her off, git her head p'inted jest right, and then grab yer paddles," he calls to the two men, for they must continue down the rapids. There is no landing for miles below.

The boys are rescued from their perilous position and now felt comparatively safe; but they are by no means out of danger. The small boat is too heavily loaded to be easily managed. All depends upon grandfather's skill, and even that will not suffice if his strength, enfeebled by age, should not hold out. But in those exciting moments the old gentleman seems to renew his youth. He sits firm and erect in the stern, wields his paddle with a dexterity and force that a young boatman might envy, and issues his orders to the two men in a voice that rings sharp and clear above the roar of the rapids.

Now it seems as though the little boat was about to plunge head on against a ragged boulder that lifts its peak above the water; but a skillful turn of the oar and they sweep past it in safety. Masses of driftwood and other impediments are encountered and safely passed.

As he glides along he recalls each prominent landmark as he had seen it years before. He knows the configuration of the rapids as well as though he had a chart

before him. And he also knows that of which no one else is aware, that the most dangerous part is yet to come—the falls. At ordinary low water the river here takes a sudden drop of about ten feet into a deep pool below. Alone in a birch canoe he would not fear to try the leap, but with the heavily loaded batteau he has some doubts. There is, however, no alternative. He shouts to the boys to creep back as far as they can in the stern, in order to throw her bows well out of the water, and then, as he sights the crest of the falls, an eighth of a mile ahead, he shouts to the two men, "Paddle for yer lives; we've got ter shoot the falls!"

Mr. Clark and Mr. Collins need no second admonition. They put all their strength into every stroke. The boat seems actually to leap through the water. Now she is on the crest of the falls.

"One more stroke and then hold on for yer lives!" cries grandfather, and the boat seems to leap out into the air; then it falls with a heavy splash into the pool below, the bows under water, and the next moment every one expects to be battling with the whirling water.

Every one except the old steersman, I should have said. For he never for a moment lost his head. He still wields the paddle with a firm hand, and when they take the plunge heads the boat toward the shore, where there is an eddy, and in another moment they strike the rocky bank with a crash that shivers the bows.

Mr. Collins, who is farthest forward, is on the alert, and almost at the moment the boat strikes, leaps out on to the rock with the painter grasped firmly in his hand. The boat is badly battered, half full of water, but still has buoyancy enough to hold them up until they can all get out. They hastily take out their provisions and blankets, and as the boat can be of no further use to them allow it to drift down stream. Then they clamber over the rocks to the shore, and, gathering a big pile of wood, build a fire to dry their clothing.

As it is late in the afternoon they decide to spend the night here, and accordingly they construct a brush camp, make a wide bed of hemlock boughs, cook supper, and turn in, pleased enough, you may be sure, that their perilous trip has so safely ended.

The dog Carlo, and the cat had been

among the first to leap from the sinking boat. Carlo had followed close to his master's heels, but the cat disappeared over the bank as soon as she landed and Jack had about given her up for lost, until about the time they were getting supper, when she made her appearance, purring and rubbing about each one in turn, and in every way manifesting her pleasure.

The night passed without special incident. Every one was tired and they slept soundly, heaping big logs on the fire in order to keep up a bright blaze to frighten away any wild animals that might be prowling around. Once during the night Carlo set up a terrific howling that awakened all hands, and Mr. Collins, who was the first to jump out, heard some wild creature crashing through the undergrowth, but otherwise they were not molested.

Bright and early next morning they were astir, and after a hasty breakfast they loaded themselves with their goods and struck off through the woods, under grandfather's guidance. They took a course at right angles with the course of the river, knowing that in time they would strike the county-road which ran through the valley of the Connecticut.

At first the cat did not seem inclined to desert her comfortable nest beside the fire, but when she found she was to be left alone she gave a lonesome meow and started after the party.

After a toilsome tramp of some six or eight miles they reached the road. Following this for a mile or two they came to a farmhouse, where they told their story and where also they procured a horse and wagon to take them home.

It was nearly twenty-five miles to Mr. Collins's house, and the five persons made a pretty heavy load; but they were determined to accomplish the distance before they went to bed that night. And they did.

Somewhere about ten o'clock Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Collins, who was at the home of the latter—who were both hoping for the best and fearing the worst—were startled by hearing a strange noise outside. They went to the door. It came again, apparently from the hill over which the road passed some distance below.

"I know what 'tis!" at length cried Mrs. Collins. "It's father blowing a blast on the shell. I'd know it if I heard it in China! They've got back, and they wouldn't be blowing their horn in that way if the boys wasn't all right."

And off the two women started down the road, and the first thing the returning wanderers knew of their presence was when Carlo gave a joyful bark and disappeared ahead, and the old horse shied and nearly tipped them over into the ditch as two elderly ladies, half-crazed with joy, came tearing along and besieged the old wagon, each anxious to pick out the particular boy in which she was most interested and half smother him with kisses.

The whole party were soon in the big, old-fashioned kitchen doing ample justice to the hearty supper which had been prepared, and then they drew up around the old-fashioned fire-place, in which a few sticks of "fat" pine were burning, more for light than warmth, the dog in one corner and the cat in the other, and listened to the story of the wonderful voyage of Jack's Ark.

WM. A. FORD.

HOME CIRCLE.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

OUT upon the hill-tops in the bright, sparkling sunshine, bird songs and wild flowers all around, and fresh breezes laden with healthful pine odors or the delicate perfume of wild grape blossoms, life is beautiful to those whose hearts can be light and happy.

And even to the sad, weary ones, or often the sick and afflicted, these gifts of our loving Father, so lavishly dispensed, have a sweet and soothing ministry or a reviving power.

The helpless invalid lies by the open window and breathes the fragrance of sweet-brier or honeysuckle while looking out over the green hills, with their white

paths winding among the trees and shrubs, and thinks how beautiful God has made the world, and how much pleasure its contemplation can give even to those who cannot go out into it.

Those who are strong enough to walk distances, go out in the fresh morning air, climb the mountain sides to gather wild roses on their summits, and wander in woodland dells where violets and lovely unknown flowers are blooming, and drink in the bracing mountain air and the life-giving waters that abound on every side.

Equestrian parties explore the diversified country in every direction where vehicles cannot go, and seem to think this the finest enjoyment, coming back with rosy cheeks and accounts of the beauties they have found in rock and cave and mountain road. We have just heard of the new discovery of a cave not far distant, with large chambers and recesses in it, which, if reports be true, may make it almost a rival for the "Mammoth Cave," of Kentucky.

Every day, now that warm weather is returning, the hacks come in from the trains crowded with new visitors, coming in the hope of renewed strength, or relief from some one of the hundred ills which are cured or alleviated here. And among the many thousands coming, going, there are often delightful surprises in the unexpected meetings of friends who knew not that they were near each other, some who were girl schoolmates years ago now settled matrons with their children around them, college boys of old now grown into steady business men; some, perhaps so changed that they know not each other's identity until some chance remark dropped in meeting just as strangers, at a spring or place of entertainment, reveals it. Two more persons have searched for and found "Lichen" in this place so far away from their homes, and said kind and pleasant things which she appreciates and will cherish in her heart.

And a short time ago a dear old friend, who was the companion of our mother and her sisters in their youthful days, came from a distant city to spend a few weeks in the society of the children of those whom she had loved so well. We had only seen her once, for a few hours, since we were little girls, and used to visit the beautiful country home which she and

a beloved sister blessed by their presence. They were our childish ideals of all that was good and charming in young womanhood. Time and sorrows have left their traces upon her, but the sweet, affectionate ways, the refined sentiment, and poetic expression of thought which always characterized her are still the same.

Many an hour we spend talking over the old days and the loved ones of long ago who have now gone before us into the beautiful hereafter.

She has written a sweet little book entitled "Living and Loving," of which the publisher who issued it said: "Everybody ought to read that book." And the compositor said: "Miss G., I have set type for a great many books, but this is the only one which I have felt a real desire to read after setting it up."

She endeavors to teach the true way of loving and of choosing the one with whom a lifetime is to be spent, so that true living and happiness shall follow as a natural result.

In one of the opening chapters she says: "It is no doubt true that 'the beautiful passion,' the love that poets and people talk so much about, is and should be involuntary to a degree, but to a degree only. The first spark may wake up spontaneously, but should never grow into passion until it is fanned by reason and knowledge and understanding."

And one of the closing sentences of the book is: "Goodness is the alchemy that turns everything into gold, or into the happiness that is much better than gold, and human wrong is the deadly poison that tortures everything into misery."

With this friend came one of her favorite nieces and a nephew, bright young people, who make delightful companions for Jessie. They take long walks together over the rocks and hills, and go horseback riding in the early morning, before the sun grows hot. Jessie's cheeks are regaining their color and the brightness has come back to her eyes, and it gladdens our hearts to hear her merry, musical laugh once more.

This morning they rode to the Stalactite Cave, four miles distant, which is one of the great curiosities of the neighborhood. Great stalactites, six or seven feet in length, of a light gray color, hang from the roof downward, while stalagmites,

some of them a foot and a half in diameter at the base, stand over its floor.

They started out, a party of six, just at sunrise, with a lunch to eat in the woods, as a rustic breakfast, and returned at nine o'clock, perfectly charmed with their romantic trip, and bringing back lovely ferns and mosses in their baskets.

The days are occupied with useful work in the quiet of our rooms, or chatting in pleasant groups over our sewing after the morning walks are taken.

When evening comes we gather again on the long porch—as we did last summer—chatting and watching the passers by going to the springs, theatre, church, or lecture.

There is a pleasant social circle now in our summer dwelling-place of whom our good landlady says she is quite proud—a lawyer, an authoress, two artists, and four musicians and singers.

When the cool night air drives us indoors, we assemble in the parlor, and have a little home concert, if all are present, or if not, some one usually sings a little while with the guitar, and during the rest of the evening another member of the company reads aloud for the general entertainment.

Such evenings are all too short for the enjoyment we wish to derive from them, and we regret the idea of our congenial band being broken by the departure of any of its number. Such departures are inevitable, as few remain more than two or three months at most. Yet that is long enough for many to leave the indelible impress of their characters and manners upon our minds, and some to awaken real affection in our hearts. One lady's bright face and cheery morning greeting is a tonic to the spirits when flagging, and will often present itself to my memory in future days. She is one of the human morning-glories, who help to brighten the way as we journey along.

Another's kind ministry of little daily attentions and gentle sympathy have won for her a place in a deep recess of my heart. She is one of the natural benefactors of her kind—one of those whose nature it is to go about doing good, and it is just as irresistible an impulse, as well as a principle with her, to help or wait upon others, as it is with more self-

ish ones always to look out for themselves alone.

I often think how rich the Master's approbation of such will be. It is a trait of character well worth developing and cultivating, both for what it gives here and the sweet reward hereafter.

Still another one's love for music furnishes a ready echo in my soul and a keen enjoyment of the expression of her talent.

Together we practice sweet airs that I knew and loved long ago, but had half forgotten; or she teaches me new ones from her large collection of the choicest songs.

A sweet young girl who is a new-comer adds life and mirth to the house and interests us all, Tennyson's "rare, pale Margaret," with her blue eyes and wavy, shining hair and modest grace of manner. I think we are destined to fall in love with each other right away.

So the fleeting days go by, ending in childlike, refreshing sleep, which strengthens for the morrow. Soon more of the friends and loved ones from home will come to spend the heat of summer, and we will have more happy meetings and pleasant days.

LICHEN.

THAT UNSIGHTLY PLACE IN OUR SIDE-YARD.

YEARS ago our home place, consisting of two large lots in a Southern village which was said to have been the bed of Silver Creek, a clear, beautiful stream, now just back of our garden, so near that until we planted willows thickly along its bank the February thaws often brought the "swollen stream" over the bank. Our garden up to our doorway, and one hollow the year around in the side-yard, remained a marshy, wet, unsightly spot the year through.

True, it was not a large place, and the beautiful shrubbery in the front yard hid it from the street, but we didn't like its being there, and 'twas in plain view as we sat around the table in the dining-room. Father drained the spot as well as hands could do it, and when preparing to fill it with soil from the common, said,

"Why not make something pretty here?" So, after a quantity of soil was carted to

the place, he first marked out a large oval, then threw up the earth into a smooth mound some eight inches deep, carefully pulverizing the soil and mixing with it guano, leaf-mold, and sand, and adding a border of green grass sod.

We thought that much of it beautiful, but father was not yet done with his mound.

Another smaller mound was made and carefully sodded upon the lower one, leaving space all around it to grow ornamental plants.

After allowing these two terraces to settle one week, the third and last one was added, and we girls were told to "go to work and plant our posies, and have something which would make a picture and bring an appetite to all who sat at our board and looked out the southeastern dining-room window.

Ruth said the lower terrace must be planted in verbenas and pansies, and she had her way, choosing the royal purple, vivid crimson, and scarlet verbenas with the large eyes.

Later on, we all were with one accord ready to admit Ruth had chosen just the right posies for the lower round, as the verbenas lay flat, and the pansies were shaded just enough. Consequently the lower round was from early blooming time until late frost one mass of vivid color.

The next terrace I planted in geraniums, which amply repaid me for all the care I gave them. I find it pays to be lavish with your flowers. The more you cut geraniums the more blossoms they yield. The gay young belle who wanted a flower for a boutonniere, or the gentleman who looked as if he wanted one, always received his favorite posy and often the very last bloom on my bush went to the house of mourning.

Never can I forget one stormy morning, when flowers were scarce, the coming in of a poorly dressed mother, who with trembling lips asked me for "just one or two flowers to lay on Johnny's pillow."

The thin face was frightened looking. I had never before seen her, but hurried to get the few flowers that I had for her.

Bursting into tears, she reached out for them, saying brokenly, "I—was—most—afraid—to—ask—for—flowers. Across—the—way—the—lady—told—me—she—never—cut—her—flowers—for—stran-

gers—but—if—I'd—come—when—they trimmed—their—evergreens—I—I—could have—had—some—of—them—but—Johnny—wasn't—dead—then."

Thinks I to myself, "Neighbor, you have a beautiful assortment of choice plants, yet you have missed a supreme pleasure in not endeavoring to lighten the grief of this poor mother."

The summit of the mound was planted in roses—a pink daily bloomer, a white perpetual moss rose, and a crimson daily, bloomer. None of the three bushes grew very high, and seemed to flourish in their elevated position. The year round, except the cold winter months, those bushes were full of fragrant, beautiful roses, the pride of father's heart.

Carefully the grass borders were clipped. Even in dry season the mound needed no watering and we were never again troubled with water standing in that low place. The thirsty plants seemed to need it all.

Another fact I must not forget to mention, the roses growing high were unusually healthy, never were in the least troubled with the rose pests, while bushes in the same yard growing low were, in spite of careful watching, almost eaten up.

Father's terraced mound was and is an object of beauty, "a sight to make a sick man better," said a dyspeptic guest, a tired and worn lawyer, as he sat at breakfast with father one June morning when all the flowers were in their most beautiful dress.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

WHAT ARE WE DOING ?

HOW many of us can feel that the world is any better for our being in it? As each day draws to a close, can we truly console ourselves by thinking that through our instrumentality some good has been accomplished, a sorrowing heart has been comforted, a despondent soul cheered as he journeyed on the troublous highway of life?

Or, are our thoughts so centred on *self*, on our pleasures, our ambitions, our achievements in life, that we have no sight and feeling for anything beyond?

I have heard such remarks as this:

"Oh! it's all I can do to look out for myself, without bothering about others."

But so long as the world exists there

will be bleeding hearts, there will be distress from adverse circumstances; and Heaven's blessings on those whose hearts are exalted to that high plane of humanity that they can see the sufferings of others, can speak words of comfort to the distressed, and help the indigent!

I once knew an old lady, who, from her own poverty and physical afflictions, was unable to be of any practical help to any one. But so unwilling was she to live as a mere nonentity, every spring she planted flowers for a long distance on the public road by her house. She used to say they would give pleasure to the traveler, and to know that she had brightened any heart was all the reward she asked.

Another elderly lady of very similar circumstances, who was eager to contribute her mite toward making the world better, saved from her earnings sufficient to purchase a very complete library of paper-bound books to lend to the young in her neighborhood. The books were selected on their intrinsic worth, and no doubt their silent influence did effective work in making better characters of the young readers.

A widow who had but little to occupy her time, made the acquaintance of a number of hard-working mothers who had little children to care for. She would go from house to house and take care of the babies (at the same time finding her way into the mending basket), so that the busy mothers could the more easily execute their work, or gain a quiet hour for resting.

If those who are so restricted by the dark hand of fortune can find ways for doing good, how much more good can be done by those blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods! N. B.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN DISASTERS.

IT is easy enough when danger is at a distance for us to make heroes of ourselves by thinking of the bravery and presence of mind we would exercise if our lives were suddenly placed in peril. We read of burning buildings, of railroad disasters, where lives perished, and calmly reason: "How strange that those people should have had so little presence of mind! I know I should have acted differently."

But rare indeed are those individuals who have any control of their senses when suddenly brought face to face with danger. And the situation is often made worse by their lack of reason and composure.

Persons have died from injuries whose lives might have been saved had those around retained calmness and reason, and had quickly given the needed care. In violent hurts a few seconds will sometimes mean a life, and the attendants, instead of giving quick aid, will scream helplessly and excitedly, imperiling instead of lessening the poor victim's chances of life.

A number of ladies were one day speaking on this subject, when one said:

"I have never experienced anything of a disaster, but I think I should retain my reason fully in any calamity."

A few evenings ago, as this lady sat by a table sewing, the lamp by her side emitted a flame, at the same time making an unnatural noise. In an instant she grabbed the lamp, and was throwing it into the open fire, when her husband caught it and tossed it out-doors just in time to save a serious explosion.

A rare instance of mental composure once came under the writer's notice. A quiet, unassuming woman was acting as nurse to a lady who was dangerously ill. It happened one morning that the lady's husband and the nurse were the only ones at home. The gentleman was up-stairs. The nurse heard an unusual noise, and going up-stairs, to her horror she found the man prostrate upon the floor. The nearest neighbor was a half mile distant, so no help was near. She administered restoratives, but the signs of death were so unmistakable she knew he was dead.

The sick lady was in a dangerous, exhausted condition from a night of suffering, and had not yet taken her morning nourishment. All this passed through the nurse's mind. She knew it would almost surely kill the lady to tell her her husband was dead. So she went below and with her usual composure gave the patient her breakfast and composed her to sleep, and then hastily went for help.

The dead man was quietly cared for while the sick wife gained strength in sleep, and not until some time after, when her condition had much improved, was she informed of her loss. NELLIE BURNS.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

APPLIED ASTRONOMY.

HE took me out to see the stars,
That astronomic bore;
He said that there were two moons near
Mars,
While Jupiter had four.

I thought, of course, he'd whisper soon
What fourfold bliss 'twould be
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,
I was convinced he'd say
That was the very kind of thing
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went
To double stars. Now that
Was most suggestive, so content
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,
Of which the only fraction
That caught my fancy, I confess,
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled and turned his head;
I thought he'd caught the notion,
He merely bowed good-night and said,
Their safety lay in motion.

Century.

THE WAY IS SHORT.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we
no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be
faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but, since
the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart! be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the
road,

Singing beside the hedge. What if the
bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be
said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee,
God!"
MRS. BROWNING.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

AT Haroun's court it chanced, upon a
time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:
"The new moon is a horseshoe, wrought
of God,
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be
shod."

On hearing this, his highness smiled and
gave
The man a gold-piece. *Sing again, O
slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a sekkah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded
more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high
Grew weary with its climbing by and by;
Strange discords rose; the sense went
quite amiss;
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and
kiss;

Invention flagged, the lute had got un-
strung,
And twice he sang the song already sung.
The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and
said,

O Musta! straightway whip me off his head.
Poets, not in Arabia alone,
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

T. B. ALDRICH.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

ONE of the women said, "Now, Miss Potts, whatever you do, the next time you are writing for the papers don't you forget to tell how Sister Martha and grandma managed last winter so that they weren't troubled, as usual, with cold feet. You know so many women dread the winter just on account of cold feet and the chilliness. Poor grandma had not had a show of comfort for many and many a winter."

And the secret of it was that they wore knit wool leggings, drawn on after the shoes and stockings. They cost fifty cents at the stores. The cold was so completely kept off that they were delightfully comfortable all through the winter. The dear old lady said the leggings were so snug and warm that the blood was just "coaxed down to the extremities."

A new woman met with us the last time. Her husband lives on the Manning farm, and she came with Mrs. Oakes. How easy it is, as Sam Lawson said, for "folks to give themselves away." Now we women could see that she, Mrs. Folwell, had peculiarities that made her character unlovely and her own home disagreeable. All the time she interlarded her conversation with such expressions as "Well, one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion;" "Yes, my rheumatism's bad; you see, Folwell he won't have a doctor when he is sick, and I have to get out of bed whether or no to make tea and poultices and get the liniment and fuss over him, and I get clear down sick many a time, but what does a man care for that? He never will have a doctor; he's set against them."

"I'm just getting over a cough that had settled on my lungs. The wash was on the line and a storm came up, and Folwell he said it would soon blow over, 'twan't worth while to take 'em in, and he didn't offer to go, so I went out and got my back wet, and it went right to my lungs! So you milk in a stable! Well,

I've always had to milk out in the pastur. I wouldn't know what it meant to have things handy. I was telling my men folks if I didn't soon get a new dress people would get to making fun and calling me that old woman in gray, or the peanut woman, but then it's mighty little they'd care, either way."

How beautifully did the character of our dear pastor's wife rise above this earthly soul who had no thought above her own self and family, with their imagined faults and failings. She read an essay on the theme: *What a Wife Can Do*. We remember some of the thoughts:

There is a proverb that "a man must gain the consent of his wife before he can become rich." It is almost as true that he must gain her consent to be good. She can weaken him or can strengthen him. A man halts in the discharge of duty—lays down his cross—refuses to lift it. She assents. She lets him have his way, apologizes for his wrong-doing. If he proposes to stay at home on nights of service or prayer-meeting, she smiles and gets his slippers and they stay at home. This is but the beginning. He soon neglects prayer, religious communings, and society, and later he withholds his help from God's cause. Perhaps she longs for society, and joined the church to get it, and is disappointed, refuses to associate with the humble, and strives to obtain the favor of the more prosperous, and yet not more happy. Think of Christ in contrast. He came to seek and save the lost. He did not plan to reach the rich at the expense of the poor, nor the high born to the neglect of the humble. He never complained that He was followed only by poor publicans and fishermen, nor did He say that He came to save the great and the rich at the expense of the poor.

This is the spirit that glorifies woman. She can inspire as no one else can. She can plan for it in her heart and home and in her household. But this work neglected, hindered, and Christianity becomes a

failure. A sanctified wife is a mighty power.

An incident was related in which a young Christian husband and wife were on a bridal tour. The first night they could not decide how to spend the evening in a distant city. She proposed to go to a famed church, while he, with a good deal of hesitancy, suggested the theatre. She shook her head. He insisted. The good angels hovered about the bride, the woman, the wife, one of the heads of the new home waiting their reception. She paused. She laid her hand on his arm with, "My dear husband, I thought I married a Christian. I trusted you. Do not deceive me. Let us decide this matter for all time now." The husband saw his mistake, confessed it, and became a man of principle, and began that night to walk with her in company to the house of God. Their path opened into pleasantness, and has grown brighter and brighter as the years have gone on.

If theatres are crowded with professed Christian people, if children are growing up familiar with cards and with the dance and to be ignorant of the Bible and the duties enjoined, if society is honeycombed with doubt, if prayer-meetings are neglected, if unsanctified laymen abound, and if the love of the many waxes cold, then it becomes the Christian women in their homes to ask: "Have we done what we could to stay the drift toward the neglect of the sanctuary and to build up those we love in the most holy faith?"

To unsanctified laymen and their wives God speaks in loving tones, saying: "Come now, and let us reason together. If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

A suggestion from Mrs. Lenox was a good one, and worthy of the kind woman whose every-day life fills the measure of the Golden Rule—that we meet at stated periods and work for those women who have families of little children and whose busy hands cannot catch up with the

calls for necessary clothing. Now one would suppose that there would be no dissenting voice among a dozen kindly disposed co-workers, but one woman whooped out, "The sakes alive! it's mor'n I can do to keep my P. Alexander in decent clothes. What with washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, tending the cow an' cooking three square meals a day, I cannot keep things in order and moving like clock work, like some of you women do."

No one said a word, no fling about selfishness, or loving our neighbor, but Grandma Flemming for her own self thanked Mrs. Lenox and said she knew of two or three excellent mothers tethered down at home—lovingly and joyfully, however, with lots of little babies—who would be thankful for the assistance of willing neighbors to help make up the little store of clothing for winter. So grandma is to see about it and do the managing, and we stand ready to help.

We women were so amused hearing the stingy little mother of P. Alexander mention her young hopeful by this stilted title every time she spoke of him. Finally we, Pipsey, ventured to investigate by saying, "Alexander is a good old name, but why did you not have the name Alexander P. for euphony, if nothing else?"

And then it came out. The child, the only son in the line, ought to have been named Peter for his grandfather, but she could not quite stand it, so she compromised by permitting P., provided he was never called Peter at all, and she thought after his grandfather died, in all probability, the name of Mortimer would take the place of the barely tolerated obnoxious P. We told her then and there that it was a shame to beat round the bush in such a cowardly, sneaking manner. It was an insult to the dear old relative. Better to have been like Dr. Buncoms' wife with her baby's name. The old, old ancestral name, all along the Buncoms' line, for over two hundred years, was the delightfully homely name of Elijah, abbreviated into just "Lijar." And the brave little woman, author, poet, singer, lecturer, loyal daughter, wife, and mother called the beautiful only son Elijah, just like a true lady as she was.

Susy is teaching her little five years

old Annie a jolly, jingling little speech for the exhibition. We never heard it until Annie stood up on one of the blocks in the top-rail audience yesterday and spoke it. We copied it for somebody's baby girl whose mother is puzzled about selecting a piece. It is cunning for a sweet-voiced little girl.

'SPECIALLY JIM.

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peart and black-eyed and slim,
And fellows came courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'some an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the
crowd,
'Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Specially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em round,
('Specially Jim !)
I made up my mind I'd settle down,
An' take up with him.

So we were married on Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the *only* way to get rid of 'em all,
'Specially Jim!

One of the girls has been making two small hair switches for her mother. They are half-gray, and each one is about the size of the little twist of hair remaining. The three will braid together nicely. They are made of combings, this way, which is easier done than written: Across a window casing tightly stretch three strong waxed threads, and fasten them all to one tack at one end, and to separate tacks at the other end, about two inches apart. To prepare the hair, take a small bunch and draw it through the fingers—a little like one draws taffy when making it—then, grasping it firmly at the middle with the left hand, comb both ways. You will then have a small bunch, straight, but very uneven. Lay it aside and proceed as before. You can even them when you get enough by pulling out the longest and placing them where they belong.

When you are ready to weave, take a dozen hairs, more or less, even them nicely as you can; take them in the right hand near the end of the bunch; then,

beginning at the bottom and in front of the lower thread, weave up, then down; then up, then down.

Now draw down so as to leave about an inch behind the threads, then slip as close as you can to the ends where the threads meet. Continue this process. When you have enough woven sew spirally around a shoestring, beginning at the end that you intend for the lower end of the switch, keeping the short ends next the string. This makes one strand.

Mary Bennett suggested that switches were apt to give one the headache; but the reply was that the hair should be tied only while braiding in the switches. After the braid is nicely and neatly made, then remove the string and there will be no feeling of discomfort.

Mrs. Hall gave the Club some of her best recipes by special request. The women who are heads of families wrote them down.

For delicious corn bread make this way, we mean made like the old-fashioned corn pone:

Scald one quart of good corn-meal with boiling water; let it stand till cool; then add one cup of good lively yeast and a pinch of salt; mix until it is the right consistency; let it rise; beat it back; then pour it into a buttered pan; let it rise again, then bake one hour.

This is the kind the grandmothers used to make. If you are making it for any old person and want to give them a whiff of "ye olden times," put in two spoonfuls of molasses and a teacupful of stewed pumpkin.

Nobody make any better pumpkin-pie than does Mrs. Hall. We all pronounce her pies delicious made this way:

To one quart of new milk or milk not skimmed, take three fresh eggs, three heaping spoonfuls of white sugar, a pinch of salt, and a flavoring of ginger. Then add enough finely stewed and strained pumpkin to make a thin batter. Taste and see if it is sweet enough, and has a hint of salt likewise. This quantity will make three pies baked in pie tins, not on old plates that have grown strong and grizzily in service.

Let the oven be hot enough that they will begin to bake soon after going into it. If they bake too fast they will burn; if too slow, they will boil, and the whey and

curd will separate. A good pumpkin-pie will puff up lightly while baking. Slip off the tins on to folded cloth or paper as soon as they are done; this will prevent soggy undercrust. Grate nutmeg over top before it is put on pie plates at the table.

Mrs. Hall does everything well. She is one of the women who has the knack of doing just the best known way.

She freshens her dry loaves of bread by laying a clean cloth in the steamer, placing a loaf on it, folding the ends over and letting it steam fifteen or twenty minutes, then dries it off in the oven a minute, and tilts it up to cool after the fashion of a new loaf.

Now for a good corn-cake, to be made speedily and eaten after the Yankee formula of breaking it while hot into good cold milk, our own way is number one, if we may have the privilege of saying so ourself, backed up by the cordial commendation of all our old neighbors. This way: Take three pints of sour milk or buttermilk, with one cupful of sour cream stirred into it; two well-beaten eggs and a teaspoon of soda dissolved in tepid, not hot water, a pinch of salt, and as much coarse corn-meal as will make a moderately thick batter. Take the long sheet-iron pan, the kind that reaches across the oven, stand it where it will warm, with a lump of butter in it the size of a walnut. When ready, have the melted butter all over the pan and pour in the batter and stir it with a spoon from the edges in so as to incorporate the butter. Bake in an oven already hot and waiting, as hot as it can be and not burn the cake. Should bake in less than half an hour; then, holding knife erect, so as not to tear or mangle the cake, cut out in square cakes like gingerbread, lay on a heated platter, and serve immediately.

If the batter has been the right consistency, not too thick, the cake will be tender and crisp and light, and the very thing for an old-time, plain, rare, satisfactory supper, eaten with milk as our forefathers used to do.

But in all the years in which we made corn-cake, because we were driven to it through the failure of the wheat crop and the failure of business men to pay their own debts, we learned that the charm of a good corn-cake lay in making it with

all possible speed from the time the fresh eggs were brought in from the fragrant hay-mows to the time it was placed upon the table amid the clinking of plated silver and white china.

Well, we have no regrets for our own sake; and our dear ones, too, look back to those dark days now and rub their hands and laugh over the privations and the "good times." Dr. Vincent never voiced a truer sentiment than when he said, in his bright, magnetic, fervid enthusiasm, "It is the power of making the best of things that will insure happiness."

PIPSEY POTTS.

A SUGGESTION.

A LITTLE box tacked upon the wall in some inconspicuous place near the kitchen stove and filled with bits of clean cloths will often be found a convenience. When one wants to scour a chance spot off of some kitchen utensil after the scouring board has been put away, a little rag dampened and dipped into ashes will often do quite as well. And then that disagreeable ring of grease inside the dishpan can be cleaned away without contact with the hands by using a tiny bit of cloth. Little spots upon the floor or table, that come while preparing or cooking food, could be quickly removed without wetting a large cleaning cloth, which must be washed out and dried after use. In fact, small scraps may often be put to a better use than when sold to the rag-man.

A GOOD CEMENT.

A MATERIAL for fastening knives or forks into their handles, when they have become loosened by use, is a much-needed article. The best cement for this purpose consists of one pound of colophony (purchasable at the druggist's) and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron-filings, fine sand, or brick-dust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted into the cavity, and when cold it will be found fixed in its place with great tenacity.

ECONOMIZE YOUR TIME.

Do you not know many homes where the supply of cooking utensils is so unnecessarily limited that a good deal of time is daily wasted and much extra labor expended in preparing the meals, by having to wash one saucepan in which to cook a second dish that could as well have been cooked with the same fire and watched at the same time as the first? Or a towel must do duty as strainer or colander, no account being made of the time required to wash the towel nor of its becoming worn and stained? Or a silver spoon is used to stir or lift food for the lack of iron or wooden ones? Why not afford such kettles and pans as are really needed for advantageous cooking, and "save" in some other department?

Have you ever seen some busy housewife hanging out clothes on a cold, windy day, taking off a clothes-peg each time a garment is added to the line, trying to make the peg hold two and sometimes three articles? Since good clothes-pegs can be had so cheaply, it seems rather far-fetched saving to stand on the icy ground double the time really required to shake out and hang the clothes, and run the risk of taking cold while so doing.

Could any arithmetician compute the number of half-hours spent in rearing a family of half a dozen children, in untying "hard knots" in shoe-strings that are too short or are so worn as to require tying in more than one place, and must again be untied before the little shoes can be taken off? Shoe-strings cost so little. Could the hours which some mothers spend, during one year alone, in managing worn-out shoe-lacing in order to save a few pennies, not better be utilized in doing some sewing, or other work, by which enough could be earned to stock the family with shoe-strings for life?

SIMPLE TEST FOR GOLD.

TAKE a piece of flint and rub against it the metallic object to be tested until the latter leaves a sufficiently marked trace upon the stone. On bringing the flame of a sulphur match in contact with the spot, the latter will remain intact if it has been made with gold, but will disappear if the contrary be the case.

HOME COMFORT.

AN old-fashioned recipe for a little comfort: Take of thought for self one part, two parts of thought for family, equal parts of common sense and broad intelligence, a large modicum of the sense of fitness of things, a heaping measure of living above what your neighbors think of you, twice the quantity of keeping within your income, a sprinkling of what tends to refinement and æsthetic beauty, stirred thick with Christian principle of the true brand, and set it to rise.

THE USE OF TEA AND COFFEE.

WITH regard to the consumption of tea and coffee, and how far the digestive organs are affected by them, there can be no doubt that in the working-classes in our great towns, and especially amongst the women, dyspepsia is very frequent; and there is every reason to believe that this is owing to the free consumption of tea that has stood for a half-hour or longer or has been kept on the hob. Boiling water ought to be poured on the tea-leaves in the tea-pot, which ought then to be placed on the table; and the tea ought never to be allowed to stand longer than ten minutes—if so long. Even then it is not advisable to drink more than two small cupfuls of such tea. The beverage ought not to be drunk within an hour before a meal—except it be on first waking in the morning, when to many persons it is an aid to digestion—nor immediately after dinner or a heavy lunch, as it frequently produces flatulence or gastric catarrh. Tea-dinners, or tea with meat, are very unwholesome and often upset persons whose digestion is naturally weak.

Tea-drinking, it is well-known, causes sleeplessness and tremor of the hands, and masks the effect of overwork in studious subjects of sedentary habit. As the drinking of strong overbrewed tea is very general among the poor, and as good tea, owing to the fashion amongst the upper class, is even now drunk to excess, dyspepsia caused thereby is as great as ever.

Coffee is very often consumed with tobacco between meals—a habit which has been known to cause severe gastric catarrh until both luxuries have been given up. Coffee is also less tolerated than tea

by persons suffering from nausea due to debility or excess of diet.

Cocoa and chocolate are nutritious drinks; but, like all other hot fluid, such as soup, they may cause or increase dyspepsia when drunk in a quantity at a time.

All these drinks, however, although they upset the digestive function if immoderately indulged in, never produce the very grave organic diseases universal among the intemperate imbibers of alcoholic liquor.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

WELL-TRIED recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical talks on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe that most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information on any topic they wish light thrown upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to Editor "Home" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

A LETTER FROM BRIDGET.

I hear, now, dear editor,
You hail from Philadelphia,
And as a new contributor,
I've called to say "Good-morning, sir!"
You see my head is pretty high,
For this is what just took my eye—
An item in a newspaper;
But, goodness, won't it make a stir
Among the kitchen pans and kettles,
With many a Bridget cooking victuals,
Making the butter and the cheese?
Here is the item, if you please:

Doctor Ellen Furguson
Says, that of womankind, the one
Who in her cooking doth excel,
As noble is, deserves as well,
The honor and applause of men,
As one who wields the sharpest pen—
Or who, in coming time, may be
In Washington a great M. C.

There, now, I read that item through,
And then sat down to write to you.
If cooking is the royal way
To honor, wealth, and fame, to-day,
A little longer I will try it;
Although 'tis useless to deny it—
I have strong doubts that e'er my name
May wider reach, for praise or blame,
Than our own little circle here;
Ah, well, we have right wholesome cheer!
Don't editors like better fare
Than bread of bran or sawdust rare?

And do you wish for recipes
That can be followed out with ease?—
Not over rich, and yet quite good,
For human nature's daily food?

BRIDGET.

(This letter should have appeared in the June number, but it has lost none of its flavor by keeping. We shall be glad to hear from Bridget at any and all times.)

TURKISH CAP.

DEAR "HOME":—In accordance with Mrs. Sue L. C.'s request, I inclose the directions by which I knitted a Turkish cap, or "fez," for my own four-year-old, last spring. Caps knit in this way are pretty for either a boy or girl. I used three-thread Saxony yarn and four No. 17 steel needles for knitting.

Cast on sixty stitches on each of the three needles, varying a little, perhaps, if the child's head is unusually large or small. Knit a band of one and one-half inches in depth in ribs of seam two, two plain, alternately, or in basket-work (three seam, three plain for three times around, then reverse, and knit three plain, three seam), or any fancy stitch desired. When the band is of the depth required knit plain for one inch; and in the next round narrow once in every eighteen stitches.

Knit eighteen plain rounds, and narrow in the nineteenth round once in every seventeen stitches.

Next, knit seventeen plain rounds, then in eighteenth round narrow once in every sixteen stitches.

Next, plain for sixteen rounds, then in next round narrow once in every fifteen stitches.

Continue lessening one every time as above, until you have a point which

should measure (from the band to the end of the point) fully twelve inches. Fasten the point securely, when reached, and attach a pretty tassel, allowing it to hang over the side or the back of the cap as you prefer. If you find that the point is being narrowed off too fast, knit around occasionally without narrowing.

I also send my recipe for making ice-cream to Mrs. G. A. Dixon. It is not expensive, is nice and "creamy," and I have made many gallons of it for church fairs, where it has always given the best of satisfaction: Two and one-half quarts of rich milk; put in a pail and place in a kettle of hot water to scald. Stir eight teaspoonfuls of corn-starch and three cupfuls of sugar thoroughly together, wet with a very little of the milk, then when the rest of the milk is boiling hot, beat the mixture into it and let it cook, stirring occasionally to keep free from lumps. Then add the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten, then the whites of the same whipped to a stiff froth. Remove the pail immediately from the fire, and set away to cool, stirring often, so that no "scum" will form on top. When cool, flavor with strawberry, lemon, vanilla, pineapple, or to taste. Have the cream perfectly cold before putting in the freezer. Use finely chopped ice and coarse salt packed in layers around the freezer-can, one-quarter salt to three-quarters ice, taking care that no salt shall find its way inside of the can. I measure the milk in an old-fashioned milk-quart, so there is nearer three quarts of common measure. A pint of cream improves it very much, of course, but it is nice without.

I wish the ladies would kindly give directions for crocheted edging of different varieties through this department.

MRS. A. W. WILLIS.

THANKS AND RECIPES.

I am not Mrs. A. M. G., but I would like to thank Mrs. W. B. Thompson for sending to our department that good, tried recipe for angel cake. I often have attempted to make this cake, and it never before "turned out" satisfactorily—in more ways than one! When I read Mrs. Thompson's communication in the "Notes," I said to myself, "Now, I am going to try that cake once more," and I did, and it

came out splendidly. I think my trouble has been, perhaps, in using too much sugar, which was granulated.

I have also tried Bridget's sponge cake, using one cupful of flour, and it is very nice indeed for so cheap a cake. There is one thing about the recipes which are given in the housekeepers' notes—I am never afraid to try them, because, somehow, I know they are good. I wish every lady reader of this department would contribute one or two favorite recipes every month. What a nice cook-book we should have in a little while! I will set the ball a rolling with two.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Three eggs, reserving white of one, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted in one cup of flour; bake in three layers. Make a frosting of the reserved white of egg, and sprinkle thickly with grated coconut after spreading.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one-half a teaspoon of soda, pinch of salt, flour to roll. Sugar sprinkled over the top and a little caraway seed improves them. Or, they are nice flavored with vanilla, lemon, or nutmeg.

MARGUERITA.

HARLEQUIN CAKE.

DEAR "NOTES."—This recipe is intended specially for Mrs. R. S. G., who asked for it, but I think it cannot fail to please all the "HOME" housekeepers who may try it. I have made the cake many times from this recipe, and it has never failed me.

One cup of white sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, whites of four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the milk, then the flour and baking-powder, sifted twice together, then the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Use half of this for the white layer, color the other half with cochineal for the pink layer. Prepare the cochineal by bruising a small teaspoonful, dissolve in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, strain through a fine cloth, and mix one

and one-half teaspoonfuls with the batter. The remainder can be bottled and will keep for a week or more. (Cochineal coloring that will keep for a long time is made by pulverizing twenty grains of cochineal and fifteen grains of cream-of-tartar. Add a piece of alum the size of a pea and a gill of soft water; boil slowly in an earthen vessel for thirty minutes, strain through fine cloth, and keep in a bottle tightly corked.)

For the other two layers take one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-fourth cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, yolks of four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, milk, then the juice and grated rind of one-half lemon—then the flour and baking-powder sifted together as before. Use one-half this mixture for a yellow layer, and color the remainder by mixing with it one ounce of baker's chocolate, melted. After baking, put the layers together with soft frosting, jelly, chocolate icing, or what you please between them. I vary my way of putting them together as much as possible, and you've no idea of how many changes can be made. I think it looks the prettiest, however, to have the brown layer at the bottom, then the yellow, then the white, and last the pink. Will the housekeepers please try this and report their success?

I would like to have Mrs. R. S. G. send in those recipes for home-made candies she speaks of. I agree with her that candy of some sort seems a real necessity in homes where there are children, and if we make it ourselves, we know it cannot be so harmful. I would particularly like a recipe for marsh-mallows.

L. C. McD.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

I believe in the good old saying, "Practice what you preach," and as I also believe that one should hardly give advice, though ever so good, which she is not willing to follow, I venture to answer a few queries which appeared in the July number of "Notes from 'HOME' Housekeepers."

S. H. R.—There are several methods for preventing the fading of Turkey-red tablecloths and napkins when washed. Try soaking for a short time before washing

in strong, hot alum water, salt and water, or in turpentine and water—a cupful of turpentine to a ten-quart pailful of water. The latter method I have used successfully for setting the colors in calicoes, but have never tried it for the former, as my Turkey-red tablecloths and napkins never fade. I wash them with the best of hard soap in hard water, and dry as quickly as possible—never allowing them to freeze while drying. I know there is good in this way of washing, as a neighbor's tablecloths, bought at the same time as mine and exactly like them, are faded almost white, while mine are bright as ever, although worn. In a little while more I mean to cut them in squares, hem them, and use them to wrap loaves of bread in when taken from the oven.

X. Y. Z., Germantown.—I use boiled icing frequently, made as follows. It is very nice, and the fact that no eggs are required for it is, in winter, quite a *desideratum*: Stir one cupful of granulated sugar into one-quarter cupful of sweet milk, keeping over a slow fire until it boils. Boil five minutes without stirring, then take from the stove, set in cold water, and stir it till it creams. Flavor to please your taste, and spread it on the cake while it will run. I did not get this quite right the first or second time trying, but I never fail with it now. To quote another old saw, "Practice makes perfect."

And here, for "Minnehaha," is a rule for plain, baked Indian pudding, such as our grandmothers used to make, though, lacking the brick oven our grandmothers used to bake in, our pudding will be apt to lack a portion of the peculiar flavor and color which belonged to it in those old days. Scald one quart of milk, mix together five rounded tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon, and salt; stir into the scalding milk. Put in moderate oven to bake, and after half an hour stir in three or four tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Bake four hours in a very slow oven—and a longer time will do no harm. If I were not afraid of occupying too much space I would gladly give my method of baking beans, and will do so in the future.

Now, may I ask explicit directions for making a baked omelet that will not fall flat on being removed to the dish in which it is

to be served. Also something about the making of water-ices? This question may be too late to be answered this season, but it will be in time for next. A. M. C.

—
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., July, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am taking a deep interest in the "Notes from 'HOME' Housekeepers," and have been wishing I too could add my "mite," just to show my appreciation. My stock of tested recipes is small, for I am a new housekeeper myself, but I do know how to make an inexpensive lemon-pie with two crusts. Take one lemon, cut it very fine, rind and all, one cup of sugar, and nearly half a cupful of molasses, one egg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour (heaped); add water enough to make it fill a medium-sized pie-dish and a little salt. Before putting on the upper crust dip the fingers in cold water and wet well the edge of the lower crust. This will insure its not running out while baking.

I also have a recipe for making boiled icing which I like very much. Take one scant cup of sugar and just enough water to wet it; boil a few minutes until it looks clear; remove from the fire and stir in the white of one egg previously well-beaten; stir until cool enough to lay on the cake.

Mrs. F. R.

—
OELWEIN, IOWA, July 12th, 1887.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," HOUSE-KEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.—I believe "Sister Mary" will find other causes for her "blues" beside bad digestion. She says she has no just cause, which means that there is no bereavement nor trouble from her own or others' wrong-doing. But often the blues is caused by want of sufficient sleep, undue nervous excitement and consequent depression, too much mental effort—even reading tries the brain through the sensitive optic nerve, and study much more, and the brain quite as

often affects the stomach as the stomach the brain. I know the other is the accepted theory, but I know by experience that it is not always true. It is a fact not generally apprehended, that some cannot study, as it injures digestion because it worries—the most fruitful cause. Then there may be late hours, too much society. Let her try going to sleep early and long and alone; rest, and a quiet life, and use her will-power for the rest. I have had to battle against the inheritance, for such it is with me, for years; indeed, it often seems as if some one else had control of me and I could not rise above it, and I learned to rest it and bear it when I found part of the reason in Job xxxiv, 29, though perhaps hers is not of the nervous kind like the writer's.

Yours, O. P. H.

—
MONMOUTH, ILL., July 23d, 1887.

I have just received the August number of the "HOME," and would like to tell "T. H." that I, too, am a "young housekeeper," but here is my mother's recipe for mock mince-pie. One cup bread-crumbs, one cup vinegar (not too sharp), one cup water, one cup raisins, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one-half cup butter or beef suet, one teaspoon each cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon; boil for a minute or two on top of the stove. This is sufficient for three pies.

Here is a recipe for some small cakes, which are nice for lunch. One egg, one cup sugar, one spoonful butter, and half cup milk or water, one and a half cups flour, one heaping teaspoon baking-powder flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake in gem pans.

I enjoy the "HOME" very much, but the "Housekeeping Notes" are the first thing I turn to. I hope the ladies will help to keep them in every month.

Mrs. B. H.

"HOME" PUZZLES.

ALL communications relative to this page should be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 55.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, containing 88 letters, is an expression uttered by John C. Breckinridge on the death of one of the greatest of American politicians.

My 9, 35, 47, 66, 70, 86, 85, names an institution of learning.

My 29, 50, 84, 3, 6, 7, 69, means borne.

My 28, 88, 78, 83, 73, 51, 71, 43, is natural impulse.

My 62, 15, 21, 22, names an insect.

My 4, 5, 10, is a kind of tree.

My 71, 76, 81, 48, 79, 14, is a public edifice.

My 24, 25, 32, 30, 31, names a money-bag.

My 82, 87, 74, 54, 39, means at no time.

My 13, 1, 34, 49, 60, 27, 23, is a sound uttered with the breath.

My 16, 17, 18, 63, is a stinging insect.

My 37, 80, 39, 46, 55, 65, 57, implies all future time.

My 59, 58, 42, 40, 44, is a kind of candy.

My 26, 11, 12, 20, 72, 48, is an ensign.

My 52, 41, 64, 67, 68, means the same.

My 53, 38, 77, 8, 56, is a sound of any kind.

My 45, 75, means you.

EVA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 56.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

While visiting my friend (river of Mississippi) (sea north of Russia) last summer, we took occasion one (lake of North America) (cape of New Jersey) (governor of Algiers), to visit the (mountains of Vermont) and see for ourselves the (lake north of United States), sights of which we had so often heard.

We started quite early, taking with us a large (island northeast of United States), and our well-filled lunch-baskets, containing (islands of Pacific Ocean) (cape of Massachusetts) fish,

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which we thought quite good enough for (cape northwest of North America), some fine (rivers of Southern Africa), and plenty of (islands in the Mediterranean Sea).

(River of Mississippi) wore a lovely dress of (sea north of Russia) (lake of Eastern Africa) lawn, with pale (sea southeast of Asia) ribbons; and I my pink (island west of Scotland), elaborately trimmed with (people of a country of Southeastern Europe) lace. We each took with us a (city of northern Hindostan) shawl, as we felt some (river of North Carolina) that it might be (country of South America) before our return.

We had a (lake of North America) ramble among the (mountains of Vermont), making quite an (island west of Africa) on some of the mountains, and finding many little relics which we carried home to show to (river of Mississippi)'s brothers, (bay of British America) and (cape of Virginia), who thought it (island southwest of England) for us to take such a tour of exploration. But they felt sorry that they did not go when we described our trip to them in terms of (northwestern cape of United States), and told them they could scarcely have any (cape of California) of what a (river of Germany) we had enjoyed; feeling, ourselves, that we had had quite an (sound in Falkland Islands).

I returned to my home in the (Empire State) well pleased with my visit; and with (cape of Africa) that I might soon go again, I bade (river of Mississippi) (cape of Greenland).

EVA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 57.

ANAGRAM.

Easter anthem bells are ringing;

Happy voices call to me;

"Listen to the sweet bells chiming—

No tune as saintly."

C. H. S.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 58.

BURIED CITIES.

1. People are obliged to do very often what they do not wish to. 2. Brave men came from every nation. 3. May, the little flower-girl, before offering her flowers for sale, makes her sick mother comfortable. 4. Everything melts in summer, even ice-cream. 5. It is a well-known fact that hens eat corn. 6. Can tonics cure all diseases?

MAY BLOSSOM.

321

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 59.

LETTER REBUS.

E
W ETHEL.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 60

HIDDEN RHYMES.

'Twas in the month of smiling
We wandered by the ;
My thoughts and hers were out of
All shattered love's fair

She wore a dainty, dainty
She looked so very ;
But we were quite ten miles from ,
And she wanted vanilla

M. DOUGLASS STERLING.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 61.

CHARADE.

Though not a carpenter, my first
A joiner is by trade;
'Tis used alike by rich and poor—
The mistress and the maid.

My second, let me whisper it,
In court is often tried;
With lawyers witty, lawyers wise,
Arrayed on either side.

My whole, a useful article,
Is neither watch nor locket;
Though not unfrequently like them,
'Tis carried in the pocket.

LUCY FIRR.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 62.

BIOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.

I was born July 12th, 1817, and died May 6th, 1862. My great-grandmother was French, my grandmother was Scotch, and my mother a Yankee. I had one brother and two sisters. Seven hundred volumes of my first book were returned to me by the publishers. I valued health more than wealth, friendship more than position, and my home more than public life. I found more pleasure in the forests and fields than in the crowded halls of fashionable life, and people called me "odd." What was my name?

ELLA H. S.

CHAT WITH "HOME" PUZZLERS.

Tranza.—Your subscription will begin with the May number. We hope to receive poetical puzzles from you for publication every month.

C. R. T., Hepsie, Sara, and others.—We are glad you are so well pleased with the prizes you have won. What do you think about the "roll of honor"?

D. E. B.—There was a slight error in the fifth definition, No. 32; it should have

read "and leave confidence." The other is all right.

L. Mo.—Sends "a greeting to puzzlers" with his list of answers.

Brownie.—There were one or two minor errors in your list of answers to the June puzzles, but they were so nearly correct that we have awarded you the prize for complete list—as there were one or two typographical errors in the puzzles themselves. Send us some more original puzzles, please.

Marjorie.—Some like to have addresses given and others do not, and we must have uniformity. We are willing to take a vote of our puzzlers on this point. Shall addresses be given with signatures to puzzles or not?

Brown Betty, Boycotter, A. F. D., and Starlight.—Your puzzles would be very good if they were original with you, which they are not. We have seen nearly if not all of them before. Starlight will find his charade in the *Youth's Companion* of September 10th, 1885. It is original puzzles that are wanted in our "HOME" department.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Prize for best list is awarded "Brownie," Portland, Me., who answers correctly all except one of the July puzzles, and that partially.

For second best list, "Fan C.," Wilmington, Del.

PRIZES OFFERED.

For first correct list of answers to this month's puzzles we will send a nice box of stationery.

For best incomplete list, a beautiful oleograph.

For first correct answer to No. 56, a scrap-book.

Solutions should reach the "HOME" office by the fifteenth of September in order to be credited in the October number. Readers of the "HOME" MAGAZINE in all parts of the country are invited to send solutions and original puzzles for publication.

CHIT-CHAT.

Fay, K. C. F., and Martie.—Your lists of answers did not arrive in season to be credited last month. Try again.

Stella Ray.—Your puzzles are very good, indeed, for a beginner, and we shall be glad to hear from you often. Cannot you send solutions also?

C. A. D.—Yours is a common complaint, and we are inclined to think the puzzles may have been a little difficult; they are easier this month, however, and very good besides.

Puzzlers All.—Now for a grand onset on the September Puzzles, and let us see how many solutions we shall have.

ANSWERS TO JULY "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 41.
 g a l l e o n
 s h e a f
 a c e
 T
 b u g
 c a r o l
 c a d e n c e
 No. 43.
 Jerusalem artichoke.

No. 42.
 1. Man-gaby. 2. Rep-roach.
 3. Iris-cops. 4. Den-ounce.
 5. Limb-at. 6. Mate-lote.
 No. 44.
 K O R E T
 O L I V E
 R I S E S
 E V E R T
 T E S T Y

Manchineel.

No. 45.

No. 46.

Thunder-storm (T H under ST or M.).

No. 47.

Dream-land.

No. 48.

1. Prong-horn. 2. Ant-elope. 3. Po-you.
 4. Man-drill. 5. Pall-ah.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

PAPER RACK.—Upon seeing such a pretty home-made rack the other day I thought it might be of some benefit to our

measured about three-quarters by a half a yard was bound all around with bright red ribbon, brass rings were sewed on the



PAPER RACK.

readers, as the material it was made of is available at any grocery store.

It was made of that material that tea boxes come encased in. A piece that

sides to lace it up as seen here, and two larger rings on the top to hang it up by.

The front was decorated with a design that admitted of a great many long

stitches. It was worked in bright-hued crewels.

Any pattern seen on a Japanese fan would answer nicely if one does not care to spend the time embroidering it. Tie a bunch of grasses together with a bow of red ribbon and fasten it on the front. Lace it up on the sides and tie in a bow at the top. Catch the ribbon on the ring with a stitch or two to keep it in shape. The piece must be bound as soon after cutting as possible, as it loosens on the edges so quickly.



WORK APRON.

A VERY convenient and durable work apron can be made from fine damask toweling. Get as long and wide a towel as possible. One with a colored border is gayest, but a pure white towel is also very pretty. Cut off enough from one end to make the strip for the pockets. Hem the upper edge of this piece and divide it into two, three, or four pockets as desired. Then stitch it across the bottom and between the pockets. Put a band at the waist, and tie it with ribbon at the side. Towels of this kind with knotted fringe can be obtained for a nominal sum, and the making is 'but a few minutes' work. They make very useful aprons, the pockets forming roomy receptacles for various necessities connected with sewing.

Some of these aprons are bordered with Turkish or Russian embroidery, while

others are trimmed with macramé lace. English embroideries in cream, coffee-colored, or white look very pretty, but then the trimming will have to be chosen to match the towel.

Plain sarsnet-ribbon looks very effective placed in varying widths beginning at the bottom of the apron and continued up to the pockets. It is almost needless to add that the lowest strip should be the widest. The only trouble in connection with ribbon trimming is that it requires to be removed and replaced each time the apron is washed.

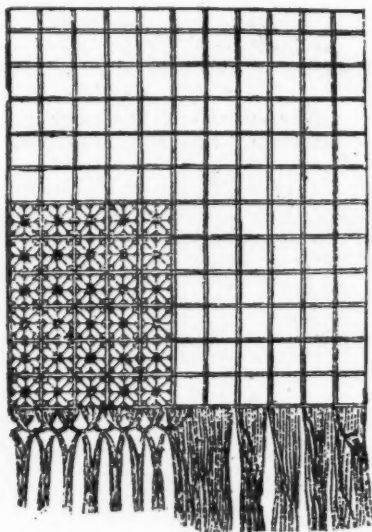


Fig. 1.—A NEW TIDY.

THERE seems to be no end to the varied materials that now come into use for anti-macassars. The most recent, and certainly

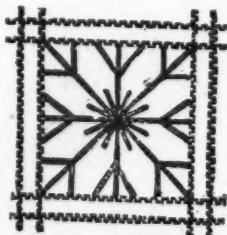


Fig. 2.—A NEW TIDY.

the most novel, is made of the red or blue barred linen used for wiping glass—called,

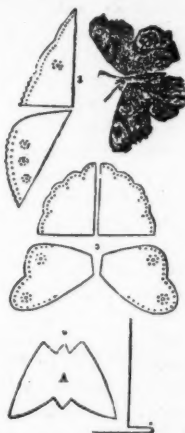
I think, "glass linen." With red French marking cotton work over the surface in the manner indicated in Fig. 1. Of course, one's taste will suggest other patterns. When done, draw out the threads and make a knotted fringe. Tie it in the centre with a wide full band of ribbon, of the color of the cotton used for working. This makes a very effective antimacassar, one that will wash well and when worn can be used as a towel. One worked section of linen is given in its natural size, Fig. 2, to give a correct idea of the method of working.



THE MANON BAG.

THE MANON BAG is a useful receptacle for work and working materials; and, under certain circumstances, it is more convenient than an ordinary workbox or basket. This bag is made of a silk handkerchief with a striped or fancy border. Sprays of flowers are embroidered with chenille and silk in the four corners. Pieces of narrow ribbon are fixed and sewn on the points of the corners inside the handkerchief. These form loops, through which a length of wider ribbon is passed, drawn up, and afterward tied at the side. A similar bag could be made of white, cream, or colored damask, with the sprays simply outlined in the four corners. Crewel, or even red or blue washing thread, may be used for outlining the sprays. Shaded ribbons look very pretty when fastened to the simpler kind of material used for the bag.

SATIN BUTTERFLIES.—Pretty little ornaments for wearing in the hair, or for trimming ball dresses, may be made in



SATIN BUTTERFLIES.

the form of butterflies. Though they will not closely resemble the natural insects, the bright colors of the satin, and the soft feathers out of which they are made, render them so extremely attractive that they are always greatly admired. The materials required for making the butterflies are some stiff satin ribbon, a few feathers of any kind—pheasant's, pigeon's, guinea hen's, or peacock's may be selected. Then get a little ground rice, cotton wool, round wire, or, if obtainable, the green wire used by artificial flower-makers; some stiff cotton, or the small stamens used for artificial flowers, some old visiting cards or thin paste-boards, and some very strong gum. A pair of pliers, such as are used for making artificial flowers, will be of great assistance for handling the delicate satin wings and the feathers.

To make the butterflies, it will be as well to prepare the body first, and let it dry while the wings are being painted. Take a length of wire and bend it to the form shown; pass through the loop the flower stamens or the stiff cotton which are to form the antennæ. Twine some cotton wool firmly round the wire, and take care to shape it nicely; cover it with gum, dip it into the ground rice, and again shape it with the fingers. When dry paint two or three stripes over the body in vandyke brown, water color. For the wings cut out the four pieces shown, and with a flake of Chinese white, paint the dots shown on them.

Cut in cardboard the foundation A, make a small hole in the centre, bend it up slightly, cover one side with gum, and then proceed to fasten on the upper and lower wings. Repeat the process for the other side. Now, very neatly and carefully, with a drop of thick gum applied at the base of each of the feathers selected for the butterfly, place them in position. They should be cut quite short, and if you have any "fluff" from swans or geese put it on the lower wings. Put a little gum on the under part of the body, pass the wire through the hole in the foundation, and press the body firmly on to the wings. Curve the wings upward and outward a little, and the butterfly is finished. It will be as well to stand it in an empty reel to allow it to dry thoroughly.

Another shaped butterfly may be made by cutting out the wings as in the figure. The edges should be notched out and painted over with Chinese white, and the upper wing be carefully placed over the lower one, at the angle shown by dotted lines.

A great variety of butterflies may be made by varying the shades of satin and the kinds of feathers used for them.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BEAUTIFULLY tinted autumn leaves, as well as the many varieties of flowers grown in our gardens, can be arranged if carefully pressed into many graceful and artistic designs for home decoration. The delicate cream-tinted *Marguerite*—commonly called wild pansy—is easily pressed between the pages of a book. When the bunches become perfectly dry and flat, unite the stems with a small bow of colored ribbon and fasten them upon a plaque covered with black velvet. The effect is striking, and at a distance resembles a finely executed painting.

While it is quite possible that many varieties of leaves and flowers can be pressed between the pages of a book, sufficient to insure their preservation, new methods have been introduced whereby their beauty is enhanced by the process adopted to pre-

serve them. Few persons are aware that the coloring matter in specimens is entirely destroyed unless the end of the stalk is subjected to great heat. Botanists frequently take every precaution they can to squeeze out the juices, thereby committing an error which is sure to render their labor unsatisfactory. It is a good plan to carry a supply of matches so that the stalk of each leaf or flower can be burnt immediately after it is plucked.

It should be the aim of all who gather leaves for decorative purposes to preserve, if possible, the beautiful tint which renders them attractive. The color will be entirely destroyed if a hot iron is used. Blotting paper should be placed upon the leaf, which may then be carefully pressed with a warm iron.

Another method—and one which always proves successful—is to dip each leaf into melted wax immediately after it is plucked. The wax will, of course, form a film, which, however, dries as soon as exposed to the air. By this process the color and flexibility are entirely preserved.

Another way is to lay the leaves on a board, press them with a warm, waxed iron, then lay them between paper and place a heavy weight upon them. Change the paper every few days.

A plainly furnished room may be rendered cozy and inviting if autumn leaves of every conceivable shape and color are arranged with an eye to artistic effect. Vases filled with coxcombs, and placed upon the mantel and upon corner brackets add to the appearance of a room.

To preserve coxcombs they should be hung blossoms downward, in a perfectly dry place for two weeks, at the end of which period the sap will have run into the flowers, and the stalks will be quite dry.

Leaves should be gathered as soon as every tree and bush are tinged with the hues of the rainbow. Should the leaf-hunting expedition be postponed until Jack Frost comes to stay, it will be almost impossible to procure perfect specimens. A heavy frost causes leaves to "curl," and they become so crisp that every effort to press them into their original shape is sure to prove a failure.

M. A. THURSTON.

FASHIONS.

DRESS CUTTING AND FITTING.

IN cutting out the bodice of a dress, it is important to see, in the first place, that the pattern to be used is large enough in every place; it is very easy to take up seams, but not so easy to let them out when they are cut too small. Having laid the pattern down upon silesia, with the length even with the selvedge, proceed to pin and carefully cut out. After the bodice has all been cut out, the next point is to carefully baste all the parts upon the wrong side of the material and cut them out. The seams should then be marked, and all carefully arranged for basting together. The back should be basted to the side shape. In basting this seam it is necessary to proceed differently for different forms. For an ordinary figure, both pieces should be held evenly from the armhole downward. For one with slightly rounded shoulders, the back should be fulled in a little from an inch below the armhole to about seven inches downward. For a hollow back, the back part must be held tighter than the side shape at that distance. After the backs follow the side seams, joining the back with the front. Now, after the other side is similarly treated, join both halves of the waist together in the centre of the back. This finished, the shoulder-seams should be basted, which will be found shorter in front than at the back. Now the front part should be gently and uniformly stretched until both are even at the neck and armholes. To put a garment on for fitting, always put the wrong side outward, with seams on the outside. Proceed by taking hold of the two fronts with the left hand at the hollow of the neck, securing both fronts evenly in height and width, and with the right hand insert a pin, perpendicularly, to secure both guide lines at that point. Then proceed in like manner at the governing-line, by taking hold of the two front edges, evening them in width and length, until you have secured the desired fit across the bust, then insert a pin perpendicularly at

that point. Now commence at the pin already inserted at the neck, pinning the fronts together on the guide-line by inserting pins perpendicularly about one-half inch apart all the way down. Then proceed by smoothing the back and front of the garment from the governing-line downward, according to the requirements of the form, and if any fullness appears from the governing-line upward, both parts should be smoothed up to the shoulder-seam. If any changes have been made on the right half of the garment in process of fitting, then the left half should be separated therefrom by ripping the seam at the middle of the back and making the same alterations in that before putting them together again, making sure that all cutting which has been done on the right side of the waist in process of fitting will correspondingly be done on the left. In fitting a bodice, particular attention should be paid to the armholes, where the front-sleeve seam is generally placed. It is here where, in fitting a waist or any other tight-fitting garment, a break is quite apt to occur, and it is to one of the following causes that these breaks are due: First, from the armholes being too small in width. Second, from the armholes being too small in length. Third, from the person you are fitting being too short-waisted. There are two ways to remedy the first defect. One is to cut a little toward the front under the arm, and to let out at the seams. An armhole should never be cut as required until the last seam is first ripped a little at the upper part to be cut out if it need be. To remedy a break in the second instance, which generally occurs through sloping shoulders or short waists, where the side-seams are in too high a position under the arms, there commence to slash or cut in the surplus, commencing from the front of the armhole and deepening the slashes as you proceed under the arm. After doing this, rip open the right-shoulder seam, and by gently smoothing the front up at that point with the right hand, and the back with the left hand,

from beneath the arm to the shoulder, that fault will be revealed. The upper part of the shoulder will then adjust itself to the shape of the figure, thus altering the previous shape of the neck as required. Should the neck of the person be long, however, it will be found necessary to let out from the shoulder-seam at the neck and take in the seam proportionately toward the tip of the shoulder. Now the right arm of the person being fitted should be raised, so the fitter can work the scissors comfortably in shaping the armhole underneath, as close to the arm as seems requisite, being careful in so doing that the armhole is not cut too low under the arm nor too high on the shoulder; however, on that point the fitter should always be governed by the prevailing fashion.

FASHION NOTES.

THE most distinctive feature of fashion at present is simplicity, yet there is a tendency to introduce brighter colors than were worn last year, and many of these, although called by the same names, have acquired a fuller, warmer, and purer tone. A particular admiration is shown for all the new shades of blue.

Promenade costumes in thin wool are trimmed very little, and beads, passementeries, and richly embroidered panels, etc., are entirely discarded, the prevailing fashion for combining two contrasting stuffs making such ornamentation superfluous. In spite of this, however, a great many very stylish costumes are made in one color only, and embroidered in the pretty simple designs.

Tasteful dressing gowns are made of fine, soft, colored woolen materials with yokes, upright collars, and sleeve parements of dark plush or velvet, plush being mostly preferred. The front is arranged below the yoke in large plaits falling straight down to the feet, and the back and sides fit tight to the figure as far as the waist. At the back the skirt is draped in a graceful bunched style, while at the side it is caught up lightly in folds.

A very pretty street costume is made of soft woolen material in plain and checked. The skirt of this costume is laid in box-

plaits in front and at the sides, and gathered deep at the back. The front drapery, consisting of two stuff scarfs, is plaited and put on at one side, being hidden by the last box-plait; on the other side it is caught tight together across with two stuff straps, the lower one of these being fastened to the skirt, the upper one hooked on to the edge of the bodice. Bows finish the brace trimming on the bodice, which is checked and plain stuff. The straight tight-gathered breadths of the back drapery are set on to the bodice, turned under above, and hooked invisibly to the skirt at the side.

During the hot weather collars and cuffs will be worn of white linen. Many young girls have jackets opening a little at the top to show a cravat plastron of white silk, studded with a small jeweled pin. With this is worn a white linen collar, straight, or with the edges turned back.

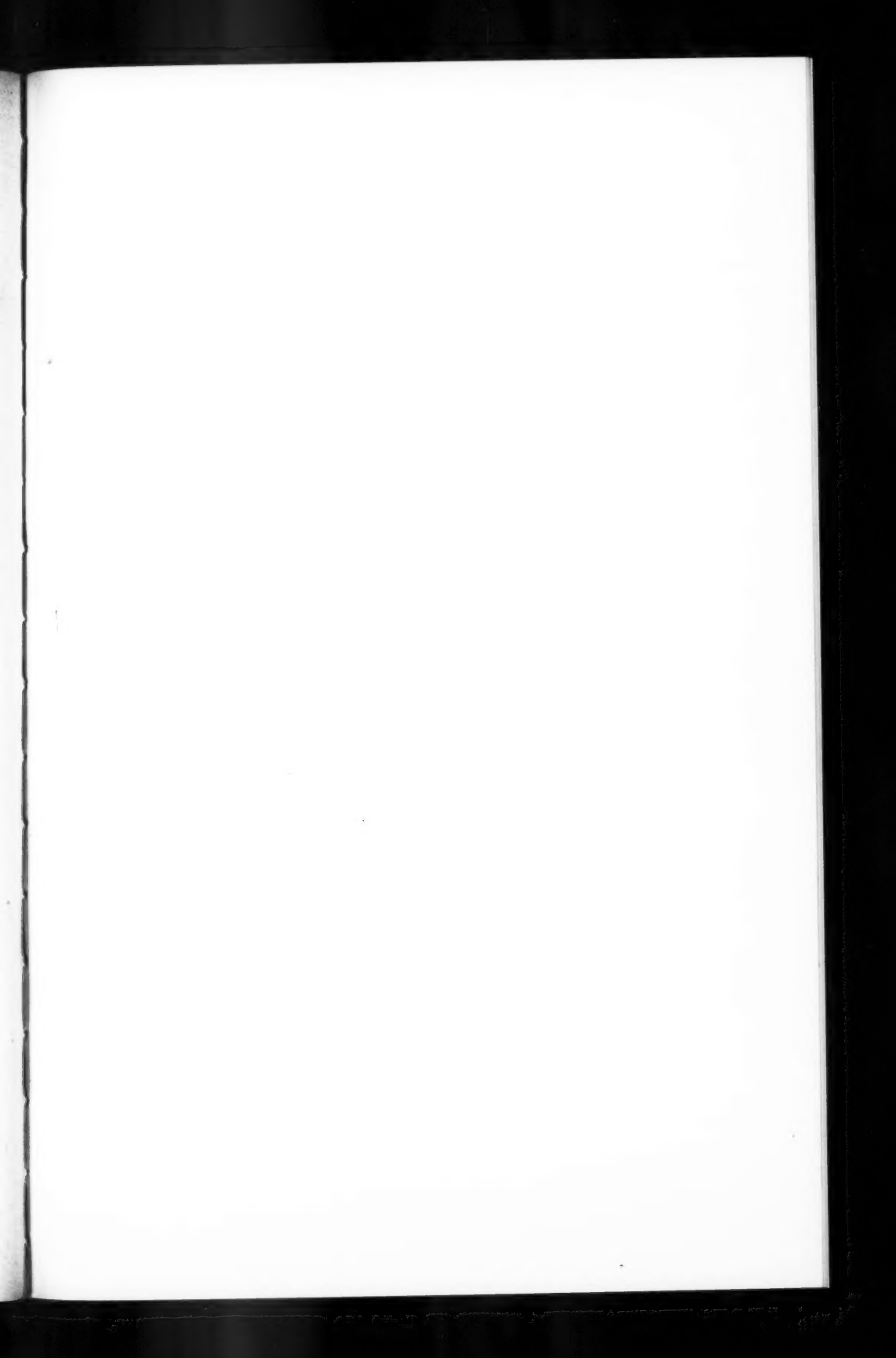
With regard to gloves, silk ones will again be popular, and worn very long, and gray suede are to be worn more than tan for ordinary day wear.

CLIPPINGS.

ONE of the employees of the Union Station, who is a member of the Pennsylvania Relief Association, recently told a funny incident in connection with the relief fund. The first member killed was an Italian laborer. The company buried the body and forwarded to the man's father, in Italy, a check for five hundred dollars. The old man was so overjoyed at securing so much money for the loss of a son that he immediately dispatched another son to this country with instructions to get a job on the Pennsylvania Railroad and become a member of the Association.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*.

BABY's fingers and toes have always been favorite playthings because they are handy. (Think of toes being handy!)

Babyland, Lothrop's fifty-cents-a-year magazine for mothers quite as much as for babies, is having every month this year two picture-pages of "finger-play." There is wonderful variety in "finger-play" and no end of fun for the baby. Fun for the baby is fun, or something as good, for somebody else.





SLEEP, MY HEART!—Page 376.